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Wilson
A
NATIONAL
SONG-BOOK,

BEING

A COLLECTION

OF

*PATRIOTIC, MARTIAL, AND
NAVAL*

SONGS AND ODES,

PRINCIPALLY OF

AMERICAN COMPOSITION.



COMPILED AND PUBLISHED

BY JAMES J. WILSON,

TRENTON.



1813.

Scholf.
Apr. 6, 1916
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NOT RECORDED

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TO

PATRIOTS GENERALLY,

AND ESPECIALLY TO THE

Officers of the Army and Navy,

THIS COMPILATION

OF

Patriotic, Martial, and Naval

SONGS AND ODES,

Is respectfully inscribed by

JAMES J. WILSON.

TRENTON, May 1, 1813.

1801

Journal of the ...

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PATRIOTIC SONGS.



LIBERTY TREE.

Tune.—“*In a Mouldering Cave.*”

IN a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The goddess of liberty came,
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand, as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore ;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree,
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they eat,
Unvex'd with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they old England supplied
And supported her power on the sea ;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of LIBERTY TREE.

But hear oh ye swains ('tis a tale most profane)
How all the tyrannical powers,
King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours !

From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Through the land let the sound of it flee,
 Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.



Destruction of the Tea, 1774.

Tune.—*Hosier's Ghost.*

AS near beauteous BOSTON lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 Without jack or pendant flying
 Three ill-fated Tea-ships rode ;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
 On the wharf a numerous crew,
 SONS OF FREEDOM, fear forgetting,
 Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammer, axe and chissels,
 Weapons new for warlike deed,
 Towards the herbage-freighted vessels,
 They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky
 Three bright Angel-forms were seen ;
 This was HAMPDEN, that was SIDNEY,
 With fair LIBERTY between.

" Soon, they cried, your foes you'll banish,
 " Soon the triumph shall be won ;
 " Scarce shall setting Phebus vanish,
 " 'Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
 Hatches burst and chests displayed ;
 Axes, hammers, help afforded ;
 What a glorious crash they made !

Squash into the deep descended
 Cursed weed of *China's* coast—
 Thus at once our fears were ended :
 British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains ! Once more hoist your streamers,
 Spread your sails, and plow the wave !
 Tell your *masters* they were dreamers
 When they thought to cheat the BRAVE.



FREE AMERICA--BY GEN. WARREN.

Tune.—*British Grenadier.*

THAT seat of science, Athens,
 And earth's proud mistress, Rome ;
 Where now are all their glories ?
 We scarce can find a tomb.
 Then guard your rights, Americans,
 Nor stoop to lawless sway ;
 Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
 For North America.

We led fair freedom hither,
 And lo ! the desert smiled ;
 A paradise of pleasure,
 Was opened in the wild !
 Your harvest, bold Americans,
 No power shall snatch away,
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
 For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
 Beneath this western sky,
 We formed a new dominion,
 A land of liberty :
 The world shall own we're masters here ;
 Then hasten on the day,
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
 For free America.

Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
 And numerous lords before ;
 To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
 And many masters more :
 But we can boast, Americans,
 We've never fallen a prey ;
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
 For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
 And through its vast domain
 May hosts of heroes cluster,
 Who scorn to wear a chain :
 And blast the venal sycophant,
 That dares our rights betray ;
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
 For free America.

Lift up your heads, ye heroes,
 And swear with proud disdain,
 The wretch that would ensnare you,
 Shall lay his snares in vain :
 Should Europe empty all her force,
 We'll meet her in array,
 And fight and shout, and shout and fight,
 For North America.

Some future day shall crown us,
 The masters of the main,
 Our fleet shall speak in thunder,
 To England, France and Spain ;
 And the nations o'er the ocean spread,
 Shall tremble and obey,
 The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons,
 Of brave America.



AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ.

MAKE room all ye kingdoms, in history renowned,
 Whose arms have in battle with victory been crowned,
 Make room for America, another great nation ;
 She rises, to claim in your councils a station.

Her sons fought for freedom, and by their own bravery
 Have rescued themselves from the shackles of slavery ;
 America is free ; and Britain's abhorred ;
 And America's fame is forever restored.

Fair freedom in Britain her throne had erected ;
 Her sons they grew venal, and she disrespected.
 The goddess offended, forsook that base nation,
 And fixed on our mountains ; a more honored station.

With glory immortal, she here sits enthroned,
 Nor fears the vain vengeance of Britain disowned,
 Great WASHINGTON guards her, with heroes surrounded ;
 Her foes, he, with shameful defeat, has confounded.

To arms—we to arms flew, 'twas freedom invited us,
 The trumpet shrill sounding, to battle excited us ;
 The banners of virtue, unfurled, did wave o'er us,
 Our hero led on, and the foe flew before us.

In HEAVEN and WASHINGTON, we placed reliance,
 We met the proud Britons, and bid them defiance ;
 The cause we supported was just, and was glorious ;
 When men fight for freedom, they must be victorious.

The Land of Love and Liberty.

Tune.—“ *Rule Britannia.*”

HAIL, great republic of the world !
 The rising Empire of the West ;
 When famed Columbus' mighty mind impress'd,
 Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.
 Be thou for ever, for ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading mantling vines,
 Beside thy flowery groves and springs ;
 And on thy lofty, thy lofty mountains' brow,
 May all thy sons and fair ones sing,
 Be thou for ever, &c.

From thee may future nations learn,
 To prize the cause thy sons began ;
 From thee may future, may future tyrants know,
 That sacred are the Rights of Man,
 Be thou for ever, &c.

Of thee may sleeping infancy,
 The pleasing wondrous story tell ;
 And patriot sages in venerable mood,
 Instruct the world to govern well.
 Be thou for ever, &c.

May guardian angels watch around,
 From harm protect these new-born states,
 And all ye friendly, ye friendly nations join,
 And thus salute the child of fate:
 Be thou for ever, &c.

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY.

IN the still hour of nature, when mankind repose,
 And darkness her veil round the universe throws,
 As the gleamy-shot meteor, so radiant with light,
 A goddess descends on the bosom of night.

From her left, Freedom's ægis flashed terror afar,
 And her right shook the spear, redoubted in war;
 On her helm was COLUMBIA, lettered in gold,
 And peace with sweet olive did the motto enfold.

On her countenance heavenly benignity played,
 And the stars of the union encircled her head;
 Of her country, the emblem was marked on her zone,
 And bright as bold Phebus fair Liberty shone.

With majesty awful, "My children," she cried,
 "Of my bosom the treasure, the glory, the pride,"
 While she spoke, the wing'd lightning glared fiery on high,
 And dread independence shot fierce from her eye.

"Thou nation of patriots, thou land of the brave,
 Where tyranny rots in her dark silent grave,
 As peace to the wretched, or spring to the year,
 So are to my bosom thy warriors dear.

"If war's sweeping tempest from Europe returns,
 Columbia indignant, shall marshal her sons;
 With flags proudly waving, the tyrants defy,
 Victorious she'll triumph, or gloriously die.

"When rages the battle, and the dread trumpets sound,
 From the breast gushes life at the deep mortal wound;
 Still fearless they'll hurl the death-winged dart,
 And victory swell warm through each warrior's heart.

"I know you're intrepid, and danger will dare,
 In friendship unshaken, unconquered in war;
 As nature extensive, your glories I'll spread,
 Or lay you immortal in honor's proud bed.

“ My sons oft in battle their prowess have shown,
 And humbled Britannia their valor must own,
 The infant of Liberty, suckled but now,
 Plucked the laurel of conquest from royalty's brow.

“ Oppression's dark legions, here gloomy arrayed,
 Here Freedom's proud eagle defiance displayed,
 When in terrible fury your fathers arose,
 And dread as omnipotence hurled down their foes.

“ The spirit undaunted, that knew not to yield,
 Sought peace in uprightness, or death in the field,
 Was the spirit unconquered your sires that possess,
 And such let the soul be that still fires your breast.

“ At Yorktown and Bunker's famed hill have they bled,
 And in freedom majestic, when WASHINGTON led,
 Did the rights of your country support on the plain,
 Or laid their corpse mangled on mountains of slain.

“ How oft they strode fearless o'er death's bloody field,
 With virtue their motto, and courage their shield,
 How oft crowned with glory, their banners did wave,
 Let the shades of my heroes attest from the grave.

“ Now nourished by wisdom, and strengthened by years,
 The goddess of liberty dreadful appears,—
 To her foes, as the thunder, that round her head roars,
 Profound as the ocean that washes the shores.”



COLUMBIA.—BY DR. DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies ;
 Thy genius commands thee, with raptures behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold :
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime :
 Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name :
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend ;

A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
 On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star ;
 New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar,
 To fame unextinguished, when time is no more :
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
 Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind,
 Here, grateful to heaven, with transports shall bring
 Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
 And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
 Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
 And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire :
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
 And virtue's bright image instamped on the mind ;
 With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
 And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
 And the East and the South yield their spices and gold ;
 As the day-spring unbounded thy splendors shall flow ;
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow ;
 While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
 Hush the tumults of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
 From the noise of the city I pensively strayed,
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
 The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
 Columbia ! Columbia ! to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

AMERICAN FREEDOM.

BY. E. RUSHTON.

YE men of Columbia, O hail the great day,
 Which burst your tyrannical chain ;
 Which taught the opprest how to spurn lawless sway,
 And established equality's reign :
 Yes, hail the blest moment, when awfully grand
 Your Congress pronounced the decree,
 Which told the wide world that your pine-covered land,
 In spite of coercion was free.

Those worthies who fell in the soul-cheering cause,
 To the true sons of freedom are dear ;
 Their deeds the unborn shall rehearse with applause,
 And bedew their cold tomb with a tear.
 O cherish their names—let their daring exploits
 And their virtues be spread far and wide,
 And if fierce-eyed ambition encroach on your rights,
 Again shall her schemes be destroyed.

As he tills the rich glebe, the old peasant shall tell,
 (While his bosom with gratitude glows)
 How your Warren expired—how Montgomery fell,
 And how Washington baffled your foes.
 With transport his offspring shall catch the glad sound,
 And as freedom takes root in each breast,
 Their country's defenders with praise shall be crowned,
 While her plunderers they learn to detest.

By those fields that were ravaged, those towns that were fired,
 By those wrongs which your females endured ;
 By those blood-sprinkled plains where your warriors expired,
 O, preserve what your prowess procured ;
 And reflect that your rights are the rights of mankind,
 That to all they were bounteously given ;
 And that he who in chains would his fellow-man bind,
 Uplifts his proud arm against heaven.

How can you, who have felt the oppressor's hard hand,
 Who for freedom all perils did brave—
 How can you enjoy ease, while one foot of your land
 Is disgraced by the toil of a slave ?
 O rouse, then, in spite of a merciless few,
 And pronounce this immortal decree—
 That " whate'er be man's tenets, his fortune, his hue,
 " He is man—and shall therefore be free !"

HAIL AMERICA.

HAIL, America, hail, unrivalled in fame,
 Thy foes in confusion, turn pale at thy name ;
 On thy rock-rooted virtue, firmly seated sublime,
 Below thee break harmless, the billows of Time.
 May thy starry flag, waving, still glory pursue,
 And freedom find ever, a guardian in you.

Huzza, huzza, huzza, brave America,
 Whom Freedom secures ;
 The high car of crest-blazing glory is yours.

Let Spain boast the treasures, that glow in her mines,
 Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines ;
 Let bright-sparkling jewels in India prevail,
 Let thy odours, Arabia, diffuse in each gale ;
 'Tis America only is blessed with the soil,
 Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty smile.

Huzza, huzza, &c.
 For the blessings of Freedom and plenty are yours.

Our bosoms enraptured, beat high at thy name,
 Thy health is our transport, thy triumph our fame ;
 Like our sires with our swords, we'll support thy renown,
 What they bought with their blood, we'll defend with our own
 Smile, ye guardians of Freedom, while your sons implore,
 That America may flourish till time be no more.

Huzza, huzza, &c.
 For the blessings of freedom and valor are yours.

The muses to thee their glad tribute shall pay,
 They flourish with freedom, with freedom decay ;
 Their harps faintly murmur and silently stand,
 While the sword of oppression hangs over our land.
 Can the eagle soar freely, or dart like the wind,
 When his limbs are oppressed or his pinions confined ?

Huzza, huzza, &c.
 For science and arts and fair freedom are yours.

Unsheathed while the sword of oppression remains,
 And the blood of our heroes still crimson the plains ;
 See America, weeping, exhort each brave son,
 That their hearts, as their glory, might always be one.
 'Tis the charter of freedom—attend to the call ;
 United we stand, but divided we fall.

Huzza, huzza, &c.
 For patriots, and heroes, and virtue are yours.

With sweetness and beauty thy daughters shall rise,
 With rose-blooming cheeks, and love-languishing eyes,

The graces and virtues solid comforts prepare,
 For heroes deserving the first of the fair.
 For to whom should the blessings of freedom descend,
 But the sons of those sires who dared freedom defend?
 Huzza, huzza, brave America,
 Whom Freedom secures ;
 The high car of crest-blazing glory is yours.

LAND OF LIBERTY.

TO Liberty's enraptured sight,
 When first Columbia's region shone,
 She hailed it from her starry height,
 And smiling, claimed it as her own—
 " Fair land," the goddess cried, " be free !
 Soil of my choice ! to fame arise !"
 She spoke, and heaven's minstrelsy,
 Swelled the loud chorus through the skies :
 All hail, forever great and free,
 Columbia—land of liberty.

Columbia's genius heard the strain,
 And proudly raised his drooping crest ;
 His sons impatient filled the plain,
 While panted high each patriot's breast :
 Their fetters they indignant spurned,
 They waved their faulchions in the air,
 And where the goddess' altar burned,
 From kneeling warriors rose the prayer—
 To die be ours, if thou art free,
 Columbia—land of liberty !

War blew the clarion loud and long,
 Oppression led his legions on,
 To battle rushed the patriot throng,
 And soon the glorious day was won—
 Each bleeding freeman smiled in death ;
 Flying he saw his country's foes,
 And wafted by his latest breath,
 To heaven the cheerful pæan rose—
 Content I die, for thou art free !
 Columbia—land of liberty.

And shall we ever dim the fires,
 That flame on Freedom's hundred shrines ?
 Shall glory's children shame their sires ?
 Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins ?

No—by the blood our fathers shed,
 O Freedom ! in thy holy cause,
 When streaming from the martyred dead,
 It sealed and sanctified thy laws—
 We swear to keep thee great and free !
 Columbia—land of Liberty.



THE PRAISE OF COLUMBIA.

TO no monarch, no tyrant in robes will we sing,
 The pension-bought sounds from a heart of deceit ;
 Let love give the harmony, friendship the string,
 Bright joy strike the chord, and the Muses repeat :

CHORUS.—'Tis the praise of Columbia awakens the song,
 And the loud trump of fame shall re-echo the strain ;
 America's Freedom the theme shall prolong,
 And the world shall repeat it again and again.

For oppression no altar, no temple, we raise,*
 Where the proud sons of indolent power might rest ;
 'Tis the Goddess of Freedom we honor and praise,
 Whose temple is found in each patriot's breast :

CHORUS.—Then let the praise of Columbia, &c.

Independence we fought for, that blessing we gained,
 Trade, commerce, and plenty still add to our store ;
 These rights shall by valor be ever retained,
 And peace, love, and friendship still dwell on this shore :

CHORUS.—Then in praise of Columbia, &c.

May the true sons of freedom still form a proud band,
 And e'er guard the shore where bright liberty reigns ;
 May heaven in unity link heart and hand,
 And smile on the host that no slavery stains :

CHORUS.—Then in praise of Columbia awaken the song,
 And the loud trump of fame shall re-echo the strain ;
 America's Freedom the theme shall prolong,
 And the world shall repeat it again and again.

LIBERTY HALL.

OLD Homer!—but what have we with him to do?
 What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you!
 Your heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke;
 Chioce spirits, assist me; attend, hearts of oak.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
 Because I have mentioned no toast, as I drink;
 There are many fine toasts; but the best of them all,
 Is the toast of the times, my lads, *Liberty Hall*.

This fine British building by Alfred was framed;
 Its grand corner stone Magna Charta was named;
 Independency came at Integrity's call,
 And reared the grand pillars of *Liberty Hall*.

Independence our forefathers bought with their blood,
 And their sons and their sons' sons will make their deeds good,
 By this title we stand; by this title we fall;
 For life is not life, out of *Liberty Hall*.

See Columbia triumphant; her ships sweep the sea;
 Her standard is Justice, her watch word, "be free."
 Our congress is chosen, our countrymen all,
 God bless them, and bless us, in *Liberty Hall*.

O, where is this hall? Lord North fain would know;
 'Tis neither at London, St. James's, nor Kew;
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
 For *Liberty Hall's* an American's heart.



NEW COLUMBIA.—BY H. BLISS.

WHEN Columbia arose from the wide-spreading flood,
 All alone from the isles and the nations she stood;
 The voice of her Angel was heard through her clime,
 And he sung this sweet strain in the morning of time:
 "Columbia, all hail! happy world of the west!
 Most spacious thy climes—in thy station most blest;
 Tho' the last on the map of the nations to stand,
 Thy fame shall be first, and the fairest thy land.

Here the scenes which the future so bright shall unfold,
 The nations unborn shall with wonder behold;

For lo! where the brute and the savage both roam,
 With towns and vast cities the desert shall bloom.
 O'er the Thrones of the *East*, here an Empire shall rise,
 Whose base shall be Freedom, and Glory the prize,
 As firm as the chains of thy mountains to be,
 Or thy bounds which the shores of two oceans decree.

Here tyrants no longer mankind shall enslave,
 Nor pamper the base on the spoils of the brave—
 The fiend of oppression shall struggle in vain,
 To torture thy sons with the lash and the chain :
 Nor here shall ambition more honored than God,
 Reap laurels and kingdoms from conquest and blood ;
 Its honor shall flow from a source more refined,
 E'en the glory and welfare of millions combined.

With a world in thyself, in thy soil and thy clime,
 And the means of improvement more vast and sublime ;
 On a scale more enlarged man's existence shall rise,
 And the faults of the past make the future grow wise :—
 New laws and new systems more perfect shall grow,
 And plenty and peace like thy rivers shall flow ;
 And the road to distinction, all equal shall find,
 Where virtue and talents ennoble mankind.

While the groans of sad *Europe* are heard from afar,
 And the nations are wrecked on the billows of war,
 And the fate of their slaves by their tyrants decreed,
 By thousands to toil, and by thousands to bleed ;
 To this land of repose, lo! the sufferers shall come,
 Where the stranger shall find both a refuge and home ;
 Here millions, more blest, future ages shall see,
 In the bosom of ease, independent and free.

Thy heroes and sages, when freedom is born,
 Like the stars without number, thy States shall adorn ;
 As high as the Greek or the Roman's proud name,
 Unrivalled to shine in the temple of fame.
 Here genius, with science, united shall soar,
New plans to unfold, and *new* fields to explore ;
 As the arts in progression, advancing shall find
 The means to supply all the wants of mankind.

With Union and Light, in sweet triumph to blend,
 Their freedom invaded, thy sons shall defend ;
 At their voice so commanding, their foes shall be dumb,
 Both their tyrants abroad and their traitors at home :
 While virtue and knowledge, more strength shall command
 Than their fleets on the seas, or their walls on the land,
 And thine Eagle, the olive and quiver shall bear,
 Till the Lions of *Europe* shall roar in despair.

Here, the Gospel of Peace, more divinely displayed,
 No laws shall pervert, and no tyrant invade ;
 Nor its beauties expose to the infidels' hate ;
 By uniting its powers with the compacts of State—
 Or enforcing belief in a merciful GOD,
 Through regions all streaming with heretics' blood !
 But a Gospel more pure, shall its votaries embrace,
 As free as the air, to the whole human race.

Nor less shall fair virtue its triumphs impart,
 And the laws of humanity flow from the heart ;
 Thy sons in the paths of true honor shall move,
 And thy daughters with beauty and innocence rove.
 In this world of the west, shall the nations behold,
 In the annals of time, a new era unfold,
 All nature exults, now she points to its birth !
 Still waiting to give a new Charter to Earth.

COLUMBIA, all hail, happy world of the west !
 Thy God shall protect thee, thy land shall be blest ;
 For a Phenix of empire, thy reign shall display,
 From the dust of old kingdoms, to blaze into day."
 Thus on high, from a cloud o'er the mountains that spread,
 With a rainbow of light that encircled his head,
 The voice of the Angel that bade thee arise,
 Proclaimed the decree, and flew back to the skies.

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

HAIL! the first, the greatest blessing,
 God hath given to man below ;
 Hail to Freedom, Independence,
 Boundless, boundless may they flow !
 Favored people, blest Columbia, happy nation,
 Freedom, Peace, be ever thine.

Give to God the power and glory,
 Own 'twas his almighty hand,
 Which from Britain's isle conducted,
 Patriot heroes to this land ;
 Then a desert, waste and howling, then a desert,
 Now the assylum of the earth.

Who subdued the warlike savage,
 Nimrod hunter of the wood ?
 Who aimed the storm of battle,

In the cloud of pillar stood?
 'Twas Jehovah, 'twas Jehovah, 'twas Jehovah,
 Universal nature's Lord.

When a parent to the children,
Scorpions gave instead of bread,
 Who, educating *good from evil,*
 Hungry babes with plenty fed?
 Shout Jehovah, sing Jehovah, shout Jehovah,
 Praises, praises be to him.

High exalted, firmly seated,
 Independent, sovereign, free,
 May Columbia's grateful millions
 Glory, glory give to thee.
 Might, dominion, praises, blessing, glory, glory,
 All the glory, Lord, be thine.

Every nation, all the kingdoms,
 Bless, O bless, eternal Sire!
 Man adoring, angels hymning,
 Love and gratitude inspire.
 Rapture feeling, transports shouting, praises sounding,
 Hail, they cry, amen, amen.

UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

THE power that created the night and the day,
 Gave his image divine to each model of clay;
 Tho' on different features the god be impressed,
 One spirit immortal pervades every breast.
 And Nature's great Charter the right never gave,
 That one mortal another should dare to enslave.

The same genial ray that the lillies unfold,
 Gives the diamond its lustre, its brightness to gold;
 That which Europe's proud sons to rapture inspire,
 Warms each African breast with as genial a fire.
 And Nature's great Charter, &c.

May the head be corrected, subdued the proud soul,
 That would fetter free limbs, and free spirits control:
 Be the gem or in ebon, or in ivory enshrined,
 The same form of heart, warms the whole human kind.
 And Nature's great Charter, &c.

May Freedom, whose rays we are taught to adore,
 Beam bright as the sun, and bless every shore ;
 No Charter that pleads for the rights of mankind,
 To invest these with gold, those with fetters can bind.
 And Nature's great Charter, &c.

HAIL LIBERTY.

HAIL ! Liberty, supreme delight,
 Thou Idol of the mind,
 Through every clime extend thy flight ;
 The world range unconfined.

CHORUS.—The virtues of the just and brave,
 Exist alone with thee ;
 Nature ne'er meant to form a slave,
 Her birth-right's liberty.

Tho' all the tyrants in the world,
 Conspire to crush thy fame,
 Still shall thy banners be unfurled ;
 Eternal be thy name.

The virtues of the just, &c.

Then let the world in one great band,
 Of glorious unity,
 Drive despotism from each land ;
 Or die for liberty.

The virtues of the just, &c.

Columbia, how blest art thou,
 Free from tyrannic sway !
 Assert thy rights, thy laws avow,
 Drive discord far away.

The virtues of the just, &c.

And may'st thou to the end of time,
 A sweet assylum be,
 To patriots of every clime,
 Who sigh for liberty.

CHORUS.—The virtues of the just and brave,
 Exist alone with thee ;
 Nature ne'er meant to form a slave,
 Her birth-right's liberty.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heaven has made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undecked with wealth and state?

Can costly robes or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptered king, or burdened slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor; the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore;
 Of wealth and glory now bereft,
 And all their honors are no more.

So through the air the meteor flies,
 And spreads along his gilded train,
 When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 Dissolved to common air again.



RETIREMENT.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
 Their equipage and state;
 Give me but innocence and health,
 I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
 A joy unknown to kings;
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind
 Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
 With brighter lustre shone,
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
 Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
 Ambition ever knows;

A stranger to the calm delights,
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine !
And pleased, when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign !

THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT.

BY THOMAS MUIR.

BLOW, blow, ye breezes, o'er the western main,
And bear the lingering vessel from the shore,
The shore beloved ! beloved, alas ! in vain,
Which these dim eyes, through tears, e'en yet explore.

Dear to the patriot is his native land,
Bound to each feeling are his native hills ;
Yet, when he flies them for a foreign strand,
Dire are his wrongs, and heavy are his ills.

Why hailed our fathers Caledonia's clime ?
And why preferred the horrors of the North ?
Wise was their choice ! for freedom stalked sublime,
On Clyde's gay borders, and the banks of Forth.

Sweet is the gale from Idumea's groves,
Lovely the vale where proud Damascus towers ;
Yet there in blood-stained steel, the tyrant roves,
And just equality and right o'erpowers.

Should Nature act the despot in the soil,
Rage in the tempest, madden in the wave ?—
And should brief man in imitation boil,
Where shall humanity her children save ?

Blest be the chiefs of Massachusetts' Bay,
Who reared the standard of the Rights of Man,
Who in the desert pointed out the way
Where free-born minds might live on freedom's plan.

Hither, ye youths of Europe, let us roam,
Found the proud city by Ohio's wave ;
Where Freedom is, there is the patriot's home ;
Where Freedom is, there, also, dwell the brave.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

FAREWEL, to my country, a lasting farewell ?
 Sweet scenes of my childhood, forever adieu !
 Now hid from my sight is the flowery dell,
 And now the dear cabin recedes from my view ;

Thy murmuring streams no more breathe on mine ear ;
 Thy wild-waving woods, too, are lost to my sight,
 Sweet gem of the world, I drop the sad tear,
 As a farewell to ERIN, dear land of delight.

Sweet days that are past, how ye come o'er my soul !
 Ye chill my warm blood, as the sad scenes I trace,
 Though time shakes his sand and wide waters roll,
 Nor distance, nor seasons, those scenes shall efface ;

Brave, brave were thy sons, unshaken by fear ;
 And blooming thy maidens to my ravished sight.
 Sweet gem of the world ! I drop the sad tear,
 To ERIN, dear ERIN ! the land of delight.

The tempest arose, and the ravager came,
 Thy streams stained with blood revealed the sad tale !
 Thy wild-waving woods were shrouded with flame,
 And the hell-hounds of war descended the vale ;

Oh ! my mother, my sister, my Kathleen so dear,
 Can I think without madness on that horrid night !
 To your shades ye beloved ones, I drop the sad tear,
 And to ERIN, dear ERIN ! the land of delight.



THE TEMPLE OF LIBERTY.

“ Where Liberty dwells, there is my country.”

THOUGH sacred the flame which our country enkindles
 In every fond heart that for liberty glows ;
 Yet cold is that breast where uncherished it dwindles,
 And sad the effect which from apathy flows :
 O thou that wert born in the cot of the peasant,
 But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
 Whose magic can make e'en the wilderness pleasant,
 Where thou art, O Liberty ! there is my home.

How blest is the land that can boast independence,
 The race who the charter of Freedom have gained !
 Whose fathers bequeathed it, and bid their descendants,
 Inherit the legacy pure and unstained !

That land is Columbia's supremely blest region,
 Where Freedom's bright eagle o'er-shadows her dome,
 To watch o'er her rights, and protect her religion—
 Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.



THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.

Tune.—*Gen. Wolfe.*

WHEN liberty's standard *Columbia* raised high,
 And with valor astonished the world,
 The sons of Hibernia, loud shouted for joy,
 And the ensigns of freedom unfurled;
 The wish of each heart was "*Columbia be free!*"
 Let tyrants ne'er sully thy fame,
 May thy sons ever joy under liberty's tree,
 And all mankind still honor thy name."

Each heart beat to arms, and the *volunteer corps*
 Heard the sound, and appeared on parade;
 Such a sight Ireland's genius ne'er witnessed before,
 And yet still on her harp, thus she played;
 "The wish of each heart is, *Columbia be free!*"
 Let tyrants ne'er sully thy fame,
 May thy sons ever joy under liberty's tree,
 And all mankind still honor thy name."

The silver-toned instrument pealed such a choir,
 That old ocean leaped back with surprize!
 The rocks rolled it high from the far sounding shore,
 So the echo shrill entered the skies.
 Enraptured, the angels re-echoed the strain,
 "Columbia shall ever be free,
 The world enfranchised shall honor thy name,
 And thy sons nourish liberty's tree."

The genius sang on: "See my sons o'er the waves,
 Raise their ensigns *never to yield!*"
 They've vowed that Columbians ne'er shall be slaves,
While there's one man alive in the field;
 It thrills through my heart, great *Columbia* is free!
 My sons, shall ne'er sully thy fame:
 In their blood, they have planted the liberty tree,
 With their blood, they will nourish the same."

SONS OF HIBERNIA.

Tune.—*Patrick's day in the morning.*

YE Sons of Hibernia who fled from oppression,
 And found an assylum in this happy land ;
 Remember the wrongs and woes past expression
 Inflicted by George's tyrannical band.
 Behold now the day of sweet vengeance approaches,
 When marshalled in warlike array we'll advance,
 With the sons of Columbia united and steady,
 To charge the proud foe we will always be ready,
 And tyrants defy night and morning.

When tyranny, terror and sad desolation,
 Overwhelmed like a torrent the seats of the brave,
 And the blood-hounds of Britain spread wide devastation,
 And Erin's true sons found a premature grave ;
 Then the Goddess of Liberty, touched with compassion,
 Invited her votaries over the main,
 To the shores of Columbia, where freedom so charming,
 Our hearts still delighting, our bosoms still warming,
 Shall gladden the scene night and morning.

For the boon we'll be grateful and fore-most in battle,
 Defying the minions of Britain and France,
 Where trumpets resound and where canons do rattle,
 Impetuous we'll rush and undaunted advance.
 Through Canada's wilds or the plains of Quebec,
 On the Ocean's wide bosom or Florida's sands,
 We will prove our devotion, the cause it is glorious,
 Defending our rights we shall e'er be victorious,
 All dangers we'll brave night and morning.

Our triumph completed the prospect will brighten,
 No more we'll be shackled by Liberty's foes !
 The empire of Freedom shall spread and enlighten,
 Philanthropy's friends shall enjoy sweet repose.
 United and free and all tyrants defying,
 Equal rights, equal laws we'll preserve as our boast ;
 Our well-earned liberty always enjoying,
 And still with the precepts of justice complying,
 Fair Freedom's support and adorning.

THE TUNEFUL BIRD.

THE tuneful bird, from freedom torn,
 With silent throat and crest forlorn,
 Meets each return of glowing day ;
 Tho' wires of gold its wings confine,
 And round enticing splendors shine,
 Ah ! still content is far away.

Let generous hands unclose the gate,
 Again with song and crest elate,
 Aloft the merry warbler flies :
 And as thro' yielding air it soars,
 New strains of grateful rapture pours,
 A hymn to freedom and the skies.

THE MODEL.

MY friend is the man I'll copy thro' life,
 He harbors no envy, he causes no strife ;
 No murmurs escape him though fortune bears hard—
 Content is his portion, and peace his reward.

Still happy in his station,
 He minds his occupation,
 Nor knows the cares,
 Nor heeds the snares.
 Which vice and folly bring,
 Daily working wearily,
 Nightly singing cheerily,
 Dear to him his wife his home,
 His Country's dear to him.

His heart is enlarged though his income is scant,
 He lessens that little for others that want ;
 Though his children's dear claims on his industry press,
 He has something to spare to the child of distress.

He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins no thoughtless rabble,
 To clear his way
 From day to day
 His honest views extends.
 When he smiles 'tis cheerily,
 When he speaks 'tis merrily ;
 Dear to him his sport, his toil,
 His honor and his friend.

How happy to find in his humble retreat,
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great,
 The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
 And playful endearments of infinite love.

Relaxing from his labors
 Amidst his welcome neighbors,
 With plain regale,
 With jest and tale,
 The happy farmer see.
 No vain schemes confounding him,
 All his joys surrounding him ;
 Dear to him his native home,
 Its laws and LIBERTY.

WAR.

Written during Captivity at Tripoli.

WHEN the sweet smiling moon rolls her orb through the sky,
 And the white clouds are flying afar,

I rove
 Through the grove,
 While no danger is nigh,
 And with pensiveness utter a heart-broken sigh,
 As I think on the horrors of war.

O'er the earth hostile armies in battle around,
 Spread destruction and carnage afar,

While blood,
 Like a flood,
 Flows with crimson the ground,
 And the groans of the dying unnumbered around,
 Oh! the horrors of merciless war!

Heaven hasten the time when the battle shall cease,
 And dread terror be banished afar,

When love,
 Like a dove,
 With the emblems of peace,
 Shall return to the ark, and all wretchedness cease,
 Which embitters the horrors of war.

Then the vulture despair, shall from misery fly,
 And no ill-omened grief-bearing star,

Shall keep
 Gentle sleep,
 From the fatherless eye,
 Nor disturb the repose of the brave with a sigh,
 For the wide-wasting horrors of war.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

NO peerage we covet, no sceptres desire,
 Nor gewgaws that garnish a throne ;
 For Liberty loves on her own native lyre,
 To celebrate sons of her own.

And always with rapture, his virtue she sings,
 And exults on the morn of his birth,
 Who shakes every throne of despotal kings,
 And gives a new lesson to earth.

O widely diffuse it, ye winds, as ye blow,
 O waft it, ye waves, that they fan,
 For the choicest of gifts that the God can bestow
 Is the blessing of Freedom to man.

Oh! WASHINGTON, hail ! whom the breath of pure fame
 With praises more sweet shall perfume,
 Than ever embalmed or exalted a name,
 In Macedon, Athens, or Rome.

For Freedom, say what did that foe of the Greek,
 Alexander, that hero admired ?
 Let the foes, or the friends, whom he massacred speak,
 Or the beautiful city he fired.

Ye unfettered freemen, examine each deed
 That made him renowned or adored ;
 Then mention what race by his valor was freed,
 Or blessed by his sceptre or sword ?

Did conquering Cæsar Rome's senate obey ?
 Did his legions disperse at a word ?
 Did he halt or retire from a summit of sway,
 That saving his country conferred ?

Then, WASHINGTON, hail ! whom the breath of pure fame
 With praises more sweet shall perfume,
 Than ever embalmed or exalted a name,
 In Macedon, Athens, or Rome.

Did Athens, did Sparta, one hero produce,
 To extinguish their feuds by his mind ?
 Or prove to the free the pre-eminent use
 Of union to them, and mankind ?

Ah, no ! if the wise but one patriot adept,
 One Leader like our's had enjoyed,

No lover of Science or Freedom had wept,
For Science and Freedom destroyed.

Then, WASHINGTON, hail! whom the breath of pure fame
With praises more sweet shall perfume,
'Than ever embalmed or exalted a name,
In Macedon, Athens, or Rome.



THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Tune.—*The Dauphin.*

CROWNED with auspicious light,
Columbia's Eagle rise ;
Thine emblems bless our sight,
Thine honors greet our eyes.
Nations admire thy rising dawn,
And shall salute thy day ;
While generations yet unborn,
Receive the genial ray.

CHORUS.—An empire's born, let cannons roar,
Bid echo rend the sky ;
Let every heart adore,
High Heaven, our great ally.

Illustrious era, hail—
Thy stars in union grow,
Opposing mists dispel,
And with fresh splendor glow.
Thy glories burst upon the gloom,
Where darkness dragged her chain ;
The sons of cruelty and death,
Shall own thy gentle reign.
An empire's born, &c.

Let joy our hearts engage,
Let foul contention cease ;
Exchange for jealous rage,
The enrapturing smile of peace.
No human genius e'er devised
A federal plan more pure ;
Wisdom and strength, and freedom guard,
Columbia's rights secure.
An empire's born, &c.

Now fame exert your powers,
Your silver trumpet raise :
Still Washington is ours,
Through earth proclaim his praise.

He once in crimson fields of blood,
 Forbade us to be slaves ;
 And now with an illustrious hand
 Again his country saves.
 An empire's born, &c.

Discord aghast shall frown,
 Science her temple rear ;
 Labor ensure her crown,
 And useful arts appear.
 Then bend your spears to pruning hooks,
 Break up the generous soil,
 While fruits of plenty round the land,
 Reward the reaper's toil.
 An empire's born, &c.

Commerce, your sails display,
 While agriculture sings :
 Where late the bramble lay,
 The rose of beauty springs.
 Union shall glad revolving years,
 No partial view remain ;
 Justice aloft advance her scale,
 And public virtue reign.
 An empire's born, &c.

THE RAISING.

COME muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
 Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules ;
 Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
 And plenty of pins of American pine.
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, and our Citizens free.

Come, up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,
 Like the people at large, they're the ground-work of all ;
 Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
 Let no rotten parts in our building be found ;
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 Our government firm, and our Citizens free.

Now hand up the girders, lay each in his place,
 Between them the joists must divide all the space ;

Like assembly-men, these should lie level along,
 Like girders, our senate prove loyal and strong :
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, over citizens free.

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,
 And drive your pins home to keep all in their places ;
 Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
 And your pins be all made of American pine :
 For the roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 A government firm, over citizens free.

Our king-posts are judges—now upright they stand,
 Supporting the braces, the laws of the land ;
 The laws of the land which divide right from wrong,
 And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong.
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 Laws equal and just, for a People that's free.

Lo ! up with the rafters—each frame is a state !
 How noble they rise ! their span, too, how great !
 From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
 And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend !
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins, and drive your pins through,
 And see that your joints are drawn home, and all true ;
 The purlins will bind all the rafters together,
 The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather ;
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
 United as States, but as Citizens free.

Come, raise up the turret, our glory and pride :
 In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside ;
 The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
 Its pillars and arches, and towering height ;
 Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,
 A federal Head, o'er a people still free.

Huzza ! my brave boys, our work is complete,
 The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat ;
 Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
 And thousands shall come to dwell under our Roof.
 Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,
 Our Government firm, and our Citizens free.

Wife, Children and Friends.

BY MR SPENCER.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill-secured oft in bankruptcy ends ;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children and friends.

Tho' spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
And around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children and friends.

Tho' valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers,
How blest was his home, with—wife, children and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends :
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children and friends,

INDEPENDENCE.—BY J. H. PRICE.

IN the volume of fate, as the book was unfolded,
Long ages before the creation ;
Twelve letters of gold on its pages were writ,
Which predicted the birth of a nation.

CHORUS, *to be repeated after each verse.*

Here's a sigh for our heroes who perished in glory,
And a song for our statesman immortal in story ;
Here's a health to each friend that loves social communion,
And a health to the sage who presides o'er the Union.

“ Unsullied by faction and lasting as time,
“ Let the empire of freedom extend ;
“ Till it circle each region—enliven each clime,
“ And peace with mild liberty blend.”

Thus spake the Almighty, the fiat went forth,
Mid joyous and loud acclamations ;
Columbia awoke, she asserted her birth,
And rose to a seat with the nations.

Her freedom-atchieved, and conquered her foes,
As the standard of triumph unfurled ;
Resplendent with brightness, her day-star arose,
And its lustre blazed forth on the world.

Columbia's mild genius stood firm on the strand,
As he trod the rough sea-beaten shore ;
The spear and the olive-branch waved in his hand,
The emblems of peace and of war.

On the foaming Atlantic he darted a look,
And the flash of his eye was severe ;
He stamped—and the waves of old Ocean were shook,
He frowned, and the sky dropped a tear.

For he saw with regret a piratical band,
Usurp father Neptune's domain ;
The trident was snatched from the grasp of his hand,
And his surges were marked with a stain.

“ O, my country,” he cried, as he lifted his spear,
“ Ere thy race of existence is run,
“ The glad millions of Europe thy laws shall revere,
“ And warm in the glow of thy sun.

“ Be thine the mild era of reason and truth,
“ Thine empire exalted and free ;
“ And oh ! may the angel who nourished in *youth*,
“ In *age* guard thy liberty tree.

“ Blow, blow, ye soft breezes ! ye zephyrs awake !
“ And ye storms round the hemisphere hurled,
“ Conspire with the roar of the whirlwind to make
“ Columbia the pride of the world.

“ Let furthestmost India her luxuries send—
“ Her tribute let Africa roll ;
“ And the wide-waving wings of thy commerce extend,
“ Till they darken the snows of the Pole.”

He ceased—and the canvass swung loose in the gale ;
The sheet o'er the billow was spread ;
And the winds with their music breathed full in the sail,
When the cloud-bearing tempest had fled.

The tyrants no more of the ocean and land,
Columbia's free sons shall enslave ;
Secure on their own native soil shall they stand,
Or ride in the foam of the wave.

In the firm, stately ark which our forefathers reared,
 We fear no disastrous presages ;
 Our charter protected—our rights unimpaired,
 Shall descend to remotest of ages.

When the spirit of freedom in vengeance shall rush,
 And crumble proud empires to dust ;
 Undismayed and serene mid the horrible crush,
 In the arm of JEHOVAH we'll trust.

And when swift descending to regions of sorrow,
 Their tyrants shall shrink in dismay ;
 The lamp that still guides us will guide us to-morrow,
 And shine full as bright as to-day.

We will follow fair freedom wherever she goes—
 And, led by the light of her star,
 In the lap of the goddess securely repose,
 From the wide-wasting horrors of war.

'Till TIME from his glass the last sand shall have shaken—
 And reaching his goal in the west ;
 By Eternity's dark rolling tide overtaken,
 He sinks in its ocean to rest.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune.—*Adams and Liberty.*

COLUMBIANS arise ! let the cannon resound !
 Let that day be marked with joy's noblest expression,
 When Liberty's Sons did her Standard surround,
 Determined their Rights to secure from oppression :
 Their Freedom to shield,
 They remained on the field,
 Till their foes were compelled to their valor to yield.
 Then let us, assembled, with one voice proclaim,
 We ne'er will dishonor our Ancestors' Name.

Should our Empire extend from the Line to the Pole,
 On the East and the West, know no bounds but the Ocean,
 May one bond of Union encircle the whole,
 May we ne'er be distracted by civil commotion :
 While in one cause we join,
 Though all Europe combine,
 Our glory will ever triumphantly shine.
 Then let us, assembled, &c.

Though Party the flood-gates of Anarchy ope,
 And with torrents of passion threaten wide desolation ;
 May our free Constitution, the Ark of our hope,
 An Ararat find in the sense of the Nation :

Let our Enemies learn,
 Their devices we spurn,

With a heart to maintain we've the mind to discern.
 Then let us, assembled, &c.

Down the swift stream of time, as our Fathers descend,
 To their Sons they resign the glorious commission,
 The Rights of their country, and her Laws to defend,
 From foreign invasion, and factious division :

While united we stand,
 In defence of our Land,

No foe but will dread to encounter our band.

Then let us, assembled, with one voice proclaim
 We ne'er will dishonor our Ancestors' Name.



HAIL COLUMBIA.

BY. F. HOPKINSON, ESQ.

Tune.—“*President's March.*”

HAIL Columbia! happy land!
 Hail ye heroes! Heaven born band!
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost ;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.—Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots! rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame !
 Let WASHINGTON's great name,
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and god-like power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war ; or guides with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 But armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and You.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on Death or Liberty.

CHORUS.—Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty ;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

NEW HAIL COLUMBIA.

“ LO ! I quit my native skies—
 To arms ! my patriot sons arise,
 Guard your freedom, rights and fame ;
 Guard your freedom, rights and fame ;
 Preserve the clime your fathers gave ;
 Heaven's sacred boon from villains save—
 Lest such daring impious foes,
 Your grandeur in oblivion close—
 Your virtue, wisdom, worth decline,
 And gasp, convulsed at freedom's shrine.

Rise ! my sons, to arms arise !
 Guard your heaven-descended prize :
 Prove to Europe and to me—
Columbia's sons are brave and free."

We hear, blest shade, your warning voice ;
 Approve your call—pursue your choice—
 With hearts united, firm and free,
 With hearts united, firm and free,
 The sacred boon your valor won,
 Shall wake to arms each patriot son :
 And glowing with the glorious cause,
 Of freedom, country, rights and laws—
 The storm of worlds our arms will brave,
 Or sink with freedom to the grave.
 Peaceful seek your native skies—
 Lo ! to arms your sons arise !
 Firm and fixed our foes to brave,
 Till heaven's trump shall burst the grave.

" Worthy sons of glorious sires !"
 Behold, the warning shade retires ;
 Pleased your martial fame to spread—
 Pleased your martial fame to spread—
 Where immortal patriots stand,
 Watching freedom's favorite land ;
 Charmed to hear such deeds of fame,
 In holy choir they'll breathe your name,
 Till ancient heroes catch the sound,
 And thus the heaven's with joy rebound—
 " Happy nation ! brave and free ;
 Friends to man and liberty—
 Long enjoy the sacred boon,
 Which immortal valor won."

Illustrious shade, to thee we swear,
 To freedom's altar we'll repair ;
 And, like a band of Spartans brave,
 And, like a band of Spartans brave,
 To Pluto's realm each foe convey—
 Ere lawless tyrants bear the sway—
 Till freedom's banner is unfurled,
 And waves around the darkened world ;
 Till from the centre to each pole,
 In rapturous sounds shall constant roll—
 " Hail ! sweet freedom, gift divine—
 Lo ! we bend before thy shrine.
 Firmly fixed on this decree—
 'To follow Death or Liberty."

RISE COLUMBIA.—BY. R. T. PAINE.

When first the Sun, o'er Ocean glowed,
 And earth unveiled her virgin breast,
 Supreme mid Nature's vast abode,
 Was heard the Almighty's dread behest,
 Rise Columbia, Columbia brave and free,
 Poize the globe and bound the sea.

In darkness wrapped, with fetters chained,
 Will ages grope, debased and blind,
 With blood the human hand be stained—
 With tyrant power, the human mind.
 Rise Columbia, &c.

But, lo! across the Atlantic floods,
 The star-directed pilgrim sails;
 See! felled by Commerce, float thy woods;
 And clothed by Ceres, wave thy vales!
 Rise Columbia, &c.

In vain shall thrones, in arms combined,
 The sacred rights I gave, oppose:
 In thee, the assylum of mankind,
 Shall welcome nations find repose.
 Rise Columbia, &c.

Nor yet, though skilled, delight in arms;
 PEACE and her offspring ARTS, be thine:
 The face of freedom scarce has charms
 When, on her cheeks, no dimples shine.
 Rise Columbia, &c.

While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,
 To BLESS, thy nobler triumphs prove;
 And though the EAGLE haunts thy PINES,
 Beneath thy WILLOWS shield the DOVE.
 Rise Columbia, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
 Be thine, to rule the wayward hour—
 Bid DEATH unbar the watery grave,
 And VULCAN yield to NEPTUNE's power—
 Rise Columbia, &c.

Revered in arms, in peace humane—
 No shore, nor realm shall bound thy sway,
 While all the virtues own thy reign,
 And subject elements obey!
 Rise Columbia, brave and free,
 Bless the Globe, and rule the sea!

HAIL INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL, Independence, hail,
 Bright offspring of the skies!
 Behold thy sons unite,
 Behold thine altars rise!
 Lo! free-born millions rise and swear,
 Their birth-rights to maintain,
 Resolved no foreign yoke to bear,
 To drag no tyrant's chain;

CHORUS.—'Tis Freedom's day, let millions rise,
 To Freedom's standard fly,
 Obey COLUMBIA's call,
 UNITE—LIVE FREE—OR DIE.

Long had our favored clime,
 Beneath indulgent Heaven,
 Enjoyed the smiles of Peace,
 'Midst copious blessings given.
 Here INDEPENDENCE' banners waved,
 Triumphant unfurled;
 With laurels crowned, Columbia rose
 The envy of the world!
 'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

But lo! what gathering clouds
 Assail Columbia's shore!
 From Europe's crimsoned clime,
 What hellish thunders roar!
 'Tis mad Ambition's hydra form,
 Loud threatening from afar,
 That pours around the impending storm,
 And swells the tramp of war!
 'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Rise, injured freemen, rise!
 Out-stretch the indignant arm;
 Defend your country's cause,
 Nor dread the rude alarm.
 Around fair Freedom's altar throng,
 Pronounce the firm decree,
 Swear to avenge your country's wrongs,
 Live like your Fathers, FREE!
 'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Hail Vernon's sainted Chief,
 Glory's immortal son,
 Long may those laurels bloom,
 Thy matchless valor won;

And may thy grateful country long,
 Revere thy deathless name,
 And with thy well-earned praises swell,
 The eternal trump of Fame!
 'Tis Freedom's day, &c.

Hail, Independence, hail!
 Columbia's proudest boast!
 Ne'er shall thy sons forget,
 The price thy blessings cost.
 Long may our youth undaunted stand,
 To stern Oppression's flood;
 To guard our country's sacred rights,
 And seal it with their blood.

CHORUS.—'Tis Freedom's day, let millions rise,
 To Freedom's standard fly,
 Obey COLUMBIA's call,
 UNITE—LIVE FREE—OR DIE.

CONTENTMENT.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvied I'll challenge my part:
 For every fair object my eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labors employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life
 Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

THE HOBBIES.

ATTENTION pray give while of hobbies I sing ;
 For each has his hobby, from cobbler to king ;
 On some favorite hobby we all get astride,
 And when we're once mounted, full gallop we ride.
 All on hobbies, all on hobbies,
 All on hobbies, gee up, and gee O.

Some hobbies are restive, and hard for to govern ;
 E'en just like our wives they're so cursedly stubborn,
 The hobby of scolds is their husbands to tease,
 And the hobby of lawyers is plenty of fees.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The beaux, those sweet gentlemen's hobby, good lack,
 Is to wear monstrous poultices tied round the neck ;
 And they think in the ton and the tippy they're drest,
 If they've breeches that reach from the knees to the breast.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The hobby of sailors, when safe moored in port,
 Is with wives and with sweethearts, to toy and to sport ;
 When our navy's completed, their hobby shall be,
 To shew the whole world that America's free.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The hobby of soldiers in time of great wars,
 Is breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and scars ;
 But in peace you'll observe that quite different their trade is,
 The hobby of soldiers, in peace, is the ladies.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The ladies, sweet creatures ! yes they now and then,
 Get astride of their hobbies, too, just like the men :
 With smiles and with simpers beguile us with ease ;
 And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en just as they please.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The Americans' hobby has long since been known :
 No tyrant or king shall from them have a throne :
 Their states are united—and let it be said,
 Their hobby is Liberty, peace, and free trade.
 All on hobbies, all on hobbies,
 All on hobbies, gee up, and gee O.

HOME.

When north winds rage, and tempests howl,
And great folks on misfortunes scowl,
How sweet, remote from busy life,
To press thy children and thy wife,
Secure at home.

When merit meets a thousand cares,
And vice a pleasing semblance wears,
Wouldst thou her barbed dart elude ?
Fly to the bosom of the good,
And cherish home.

When evening's dewy star ascends,
Then with a few but real friends,
Well are thy fleeting moments spent ;
Bounteous thy board, thy guest content !
Then welcome home !

Should sorrow's child thy precincts tread,
'Tis thine to raise his drooping head :
His burning tears shall cease to flow,
His heart, with grateful warmth shall glow,
And bless thy home !

Alas ! unnumbered ills I view ;
Thy heart shall beat and sicken too ;
Disease, and want, and anguish lie ;
Hark ! 'tis the widow's—orphan's cry !
They have no home !

Should war's shrill trumpet strike thine ear,
Alike remote from pride or fear,
Honor unsheathes thy shining sword,
To conquer or to die ! the word,
Protect thy home !

Thy children's children shall receive
From thee a recipe to live :
Their blessings and their deeds arise
In blended fragrance to the skies,
Their native home !

When age has frosted every hair,
And loosened ties remove thy care,
Then when the veil is half withdrawn,
Pleased shalt thou hail the rising morn,
Thy last bright home !

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

POETS may sing of their Helicon streams,
 Their gods and their heroes are fabulous dreams,
 They ne'er sang a line
 Half so grand, so divine,
 As the glorious toast
 We Columbians boast,
 The FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, boys, & LIBERTY forever.

The man of our choice, presides at the helm ;
 No tempest can harm us, no storm overwhelm ;
 Our sheet anchor's sure,
 And our bark rides secure,
 So here's to the toast
 We Columbians boast,
 The Federal Constitution, and the PRESIDENT forever.

A free navigation, commerce and trade,
 We'll seek for no foe, of no foe be afraid ;
 Our frigates shall ride,
 Our defence and our pride ;
 Our tars guard our coast,
 And huzza for our toast,
 The Federal Constitution, trade and commerce forever.

Montgomery, and Warren, still live in our songs ;
 Like them our young heroes shall spurn at our wrongs :
 The world shall admire
 The zeal and the fire,
 Which blaze in the toast
 We Columbians boast,
 The Federal Constitution, and its advocates forever.

When an enemy threatens all party shall cease,
 We bribe no intruders to buy a mean peace ;
 Columbia will scorn
 Friends or foes to suborn ;
 We'll ne'er stain the toast
 Which as freemen we boast,
 The Federal Constitution, and integrity forever.

Fame's trumpet shall swell in WASHINGTON's praise,
 And time grant a furlough to lengthen his days ;
 May health weave the thread
 Of delight round his head ;
 No nation can boast
 Such a name, such a toast,
 The Federal Constitution, boys, and WASHINGTON forever.

AMERICAN HAPPINESS.

WHILE beneath the sharp scourge of tyrannical power,
 The nations of EUROPE complain ;
 And Princes, and Prelates, and Placemen devour
 What Industry toils to obtain :—

By Ignorance, Indolence, Slavery, depressed,
 While ASIA and AFRICA mourn ;
 Where the lamp that illumines the rational breast,
 Is dimly discovered to burn :

In *this* HAPPY CLIME, by COLUMBUS explored,
 The GENIUS OF FREEDOM presides ;
 Her Sons to protect, wields the wide-waving sword ;
 With wisdom our Government guides.

No Monarch his millions here annually spends,
 By the sweat of his subjects obtained ;
 Nor gives to his favorites, flatterers, and friends,
 What Labor has honestly gained.

To support our free system of Government, all
 Their proportion with cheerfulness pay ;
 Or does, on our purses, necessity call,
 Her mandates we promptly obey.

No Armies of Hirelings our country o'erspread,
 At once to oppress and despoil :—
 As he *earns*, every Citizen *eats* his own bread,
 And feeds on the fruits of his toil.

No privileged Clergy our property seize,
 To sate their extortionate thirst :—
 We give and withhold when and whate'er we please,
 Adjudging to each what is just.

Wide over our fields wave rich oceans of Grain ;
 Our meadows with Provender teem ;
 The full horn of PLENTY is poured on the plain ;
 And PEACE sheds abroad her bright beam.

COLUMBIANS ! how blest is your lot in this life,
 By the goodness of PROVIDENCE given ;
 Remote from injustice, corruption, and strife,
 To enjoy all the bounties of heaven.

How blissful, compared with the sorrowful fate
 Of the rest of this sublunar globe ;

Where the wounds which Oppression inflicts on the state
Are too deep and too deadly to probe.

While our bosoms expand with emotions of joy,
For these favors so freely bestowed ;
Let each heart hymns of gratitude offer on high
To our good and beneficent GOD.

And let all who love LIBERTY firmly unite,
To preserve it unsullied and pure ;
To protect from infraction each rational right,
And bar to Oppression the door.

O, let not *Corruption* enfeeble your hands,
On which FREEDOM must lean for defence ;
Nor *Dissention* dissolve your reciprocal bands,
Whatever her specious pretence.

But by *Virtue* transmit to your SONS unimpaired,
What your SIREs by their *Valor* obtained ;
From the *fraud* of your Foes those immunities guard,
Which by *force* were so happily gained.

United and *Virtuous*, your Empire shall stand,
The glory and pride of the World,
Till Time from his glass shall shake out the last sand,
And Eternity's flag be unfurld.

But should *luxury*, *vice*, and *contention* arise,
And your manners and morals deprave,
The fabric of *Freedom*, which now towers to the skies,
Must tumble in TYRANNY's grave.

Should LIBERTY, thro' the misdeeds of her friends,
From this her last refuge be driven,
She will fling her fair form on the wings of the winds,
And return to her birth-place in heaven.



The Green-Mountain Farmer.

BY R. T. PAINE.

BLEST on his own paternal farm,
Contented, yet acquiring ;
Below ambition's gilded charm,
Yet rich beyond desiring ;

The hill-born rustic, hale and gay,
 Ere prattling swallows sally,
 Or ere the pine-top spies the day,
 Sings cheerly through his valley.

CHORUS:—Green Mountains echo Heavens decree!
 Live virtue, law, and Liberty.

With love, and plenty, peace, and health,
 Enriched by honest labor,
 He cheers the friend of humbler wealth,
 Nor courts his prouder neighbor;
 At eve returning home, he meets,
 His nut brown lass, so loving;
 And still his constant strain repeats,
 Through groves and meadows roving.
 Green Mountains, &c.

Should Faction's wily serpent spring,
 With treacherous folds to entwine him,
 Undaunted by his venom'd sting,
 To flames he would consign him.
 The hardy Yeoman, like the oak,
 That shades his woodland border,
 Would baffle Anarch's vengeful stroke,
 To shelter law and order.
 Green-Mountains, &c.

Should hostile fleets our shores assail,
 By home-bred traitors aided,
 No free-born hand would till the vale
 By slavery degraded.
 Each heart would join the patriot brave,
 To die proud Freedom's martyr,
 And shed its latest drop to save
 His country's glorious charter.

CHORUS—Green-Mountains' echo then would be
 Fight on, fight on, for Liberty!

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune.—“*The Exile of Erin.*”

WHEN first that proud Queen, whom the waters environ,
 Who rules without rival the wide-spreading waves,
 Strove to stretch o'er our country her sceptre of iron,
 And make her brave sons a base nation of slaves,

Our fathers, relying on heaven for assistance,
 Seeking support from allies at a distance,
 Resolved to her tyranny manful resistance,
 And their country proclaimed independent and free.

Seven long years for their rights they contended,
 With merciless myrmidons hired from afar,
 Thousands were killed in the cause they defended,
 Or sunk with the burthens they bore in the war.
Martyrs to Freedom! May the tree long be cherished
 For which in our soil while yet planting you perished,
 Whose roots with your hearts-blood you joyously nourished,
 And which to your Sons yields such heavenly fruit.

Wisdom in Council—in combat cool bravery,
 Marred the cunning of tyrants, and courage of slaves;
 Our fathers threw off the vile shackles of slavery,
 And spurned the dominion of madmen and knaves.
Britain, her wiles by our Statesmen outwitted,
 Her disciplined ranks by raw soldiers defeated,
 Disgraced from our shores with her ruffians retreated,
 And our country confessed independent and free.

That work which our sires with such labor effected,
 Which cost what defies calculation to count,
 By ourselves and our sons be forever protected,
 Whatever the *danger*, the *toil* or *amount*.
 And may this proud day, which gave birth to our nation,
 Be held by our patriots in high estimation,
 And receive from Republicans glad celebration,
 Till the earth on its axis shall cease to revolve.

To the *Sages*, who guided our grand revolution,
 To the *Soldiers*, whose swords gave success to the cause,
 To the *Patriots* who founded our free constitution,
 Be thanks universal—unbounded applause.
 While one spark of freedom our bosoms shall fire,
 Their names and their deeds virtuous acts will inspire,
 Posterity rival the feats they admire,
 And millions unborn taste the blessings they bought.

And now to the *PILOT* our vessel who's guiding,
 Whose virtues and talents the world o'er have shone,
 May the love of the People o'er whom he's presiding,
 For the toils and the cares of his station atone.
 Peace of mind, health of frame, length of days be him given,
 Thro' his life may felicity flow pure and even,
 And when by his *GOD* he is called home to heaven,
 Of his spirit may our rulers a portion retain.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune, — *Yankee Doodle.*

Yankee Doodle is the tune
 Americans delight in ;
 'Twill do to whistle, sing or play,
 And *just the thing* for fighting.

CHORUS. — Yankee Doodle, boys ; huzza !
 Down outside, up the middle—
 Yankee Doodle, *fa, sol, la,*
 Trumpet, drum, and fiddle.

Should Great-Britain, Spain or France,
 Wage war upon our shore, sir,
 We'll lead them such a *woundy* dance,
 They'll find their toes are sore, sir,
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should a haughty foe expect
 To give our boys a caning,
 We *guess* they'll find the lads have *larnt*
 A *little bit* of training.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

I'll *wager* now a *mug of flip,*
 And *bring it on the table,*
 Put Yankee boys aboard a ship,
 To beat them they are able.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to *argufy,*
 I *rather guess* they'll find too,
 We've got a set of *tonguey blades,*
 To out-talk 'em, if *they're mind to.*
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

America's a *dandy* place :
 The people are all brothers :
 And when one's got a *pumpkin pye,*
 He shares it with the others.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work and sleep and pray in peace—
 By industry we thrive, sir,
 And if a drone won't do his part,
 We'll scout him from the hive, sir.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on INDEPENDENCE DAY
 (And who's a better right to?)
 We eat and drink and sing and play,
 And have a dance at night too.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our girls are fair, our boys are tough,
 Our old folks wise and healthy,
 And when we've every thing enough
 We *count* that we are wealthy.
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

We're *happy, free, and well to do,*
 And cannot want for knowledge ;
 For almost every mile or two,
 You find a *school or college.*
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

The land we till is all our own ;
 Whate'er the price, we paid it ;
 Therefore we'll fight *till all is blue,*
 Should any dare invade it.

CHORUS—Yankee Doodle, boys ; huzza !
 Down outside, up the middle—
 Yankee Doodle, *fa, sol, la,*
 Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY JOSEPH STORY, ESQ.

WELCOME ! Welcome the day, when assembled as one,
 Our gallant forefathers proclaimed us a nation,
 When liberty rose, as from chaos the Sun,
 To illumine our realm with the rays of salvation.
 Heard in triumph her voice
 Bade her children rejoice,
 And defend by their valor the laws of their choice.
 Let the slave bite the dust, who to power bends the knee,
 Our God shall protect those who dare to be free.

Mid the perils of war, mid the darkness of death,
 Our sires forced their way through the wilderness dreary,
 In vain famine and sickness shed pestilent breath,
 They grew by defeat, and their zeal ne'er was weary.
 Lo, liberty's light
 Thro' the tempest shone bright,

'Twas their cloud by the day, and their pillar by night,
 Let the brave ne'er despair, for though myriads oppose,
 The arm nerved by freedom shall conquer all foes.

Shades of Heroes departed ! the perils ye bore,
 The fame of your deeds to your offspring descending,
 Shall swell through each vale and enkindle each shore,
 From the spring of the morn to the day's western ending,
 Your country to save,
 Mid the battle's dire rave
 Ye bled—and the laurels have covered your grave—
 While we mourn your sad doom, not unblest be the sigh,
 'Tis sweet—'tis sublime, for our country to die.

Where Liberty dwells, lo, what beauties arise,
 Arts, science and virtue enjoy her protection,
 Even the soil a fresh nurture distils from the skies,
 And pours from its bosom the fruits of perfection.
 Beneath her mild reign,
 Commerce freights the free main,
 And the loves and the graces disport on the plain.
 Then perish the coward who shrinks to a slave,
 Heaven gives its rich blessings to nourish the brave.

Such blessings are ours—with our honors content,
 We ask but our rights in their peaceful possession—
 Not vainly we threaten, nor lightly resent,
 Our hearts leap in union to combat oppression—
 When perils are rife,
 We decline not the strife—
 Our altars and homes are more dear than our life—
 The land of our fathers ne'er nourished a slave,
 To die or be free is the right of the brave !



SACRED INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. D. BANGS, ESQ.

Tune,—“*Hail Columbia.*”

HAIL ! sacred Independence hail !
 Long may thy glorious cause prevail ;
 By valor won and sealed with blood ;
 By valor won and sealed with blood.
 That cause which heroes died to save,
 Shall ne'er want champions free and brave,
 Lo ! Columbia's sons arise,
 Indignation fires their eyes.

Vengeance calls—no more delay—
 Wash your honor's stains away.
 Death or Freedom be our toast ;
 Freedom was our Fathers' boast.
 Peace with honor, but an arm
 Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

Mark the proud, exulting foe !
 See your flag with shame laid low !
 Your claims are mocked, your rights despised,
 Your claims are mocked, your rights despised.
 Your captured brethren still are Slaves,
 And native blood has tinged your waves.
 Throw the olive branch afar ;
 Steel your hearts for vigorous war.
 Draw the sword—on Heaven depend ;
 May Heaven a just deliverance send !
 Death or Freedom be our toast ;
 Freedom was our Fathers' boast.
 Peace with honor, but an arm
 Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

Spirits of the immortal dead !
 Whither has our glory fled ?
 Shall Sons forget their Fathers' fame ?
 Shall Sons forget their Fathers' fame ?
 O ! warm our hearts with holy fire ;
 Our breasts with patriot zeal inspire !
 To tyrants never may we sell,
 The Liberty for which *you* fell ;
 While memory of *your* deeds remains,
 And life and vigor swell *our* veins.
 Death or Freedom be our toast ;
 Freedom was our Fathers' boast.
 Peace with honor, but an arm
 Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

Welcome the glad, the glorious Day,
 On which our annual vows we pay ;
 And at our country's altar swear—
 And at our country's altar swear—
 That the rich blessings we enjoy,
 No time shall waste, no foe destroy.
 Brothers ! rally, hand in hand,
 Round your dear, your native land ;
 And when the storm of war is o'er,
 Taste the sweets of peace once more.
 Death or Freedom be our toast ;
 Freedom was our Fathers' boast.
 Peace with honor, but an arm
 Nerved to guard our rights from harm.

YANKEE SONG.

BY PETER HAWKES, ESQ.

IF, YANKEYS, you would have a song,

A *deuced nation* fine one,
Then in the chorus all along,

I *guess* you'd like to join one.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle one and all,
Pass round the chorus handy,
For some can sing, and all can bawl,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

Our grandsires lived a great way off,

And if you think to doubt it,
And I had only time enough,

I'd tell you all about it.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, roar away,
And keep the chorus handy,
For some can sing, and all can say,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

I'd tell you all how hard they were

For tithes and taxes hunted,
And how they did'nt *think 'twas fair*,
And how they *got affronted*.

CHORUS.—But Yankee Doodle, all once more,
Keep up the chorus handy,
For some can sing, and all can roar,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

And how of what might them befall,

They nothing were afraid in,
So took their wives and children all,
And off they pushed to Leyden.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, one and all,
Struck up the chorus handy,
As loud as they could sing and bawl,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

And there they got a monstrous ship,

As big as any Gun-Boat,
And all to fit her for a trip,

I *guess* was nicely done to't.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, *all aboard!*
Piped out the boatswain handy,
And young and old struck up and roared
Yankee Doodle dandy.

Then every man he seized a rope,
 And pulled with all his soul, sir,
 And hauled the *Tow-Cloth* all way up,
 And tied it to the *Pole*, sir.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, now they go,
 All in their ships so handy,
 All sing *All-Saints*, *Old Hundred* too,
 And Yankee Doodle dandy.

But when they got away from shore,
 And 'fore the wind did *streak* it,
 And heard the ocean billows roar,
I guess they didn't like it.

CHORUS.—But Yankee Doodle, never mind,
 Strike up the chorus handy,
 They'd left the oppressors far behind,
 So Yankee Doodle dandy.

And there they saw a *great big fish*,
 That threshed about his tail, sir;
 And looked so *deuced saucyish*,
I guess it was a Whale, sir.

CHORUS.—But Yankee Doodle, let him go,
 All in the deep so handy,
 While we above, and he below,
 Sing Yankee Doodle dandy.

But now a dreadful storm arose,
 And dangerous case they stood in;
 And hail, and rain, and sleet and snow,
 Fell *thick as Hasty-Pudding*.

CHORUS.—But, foul or fair, we're stout and strong,
 In every lot we're handy,
 Then join the chorus and the song
 Of Yankee Doodle dandy.

The billows they rose up on high,
 Enough the slip to fill, sir,
 And tossed the vessel at the sky,
 As high as *'Chusetts-Hill*, sir.

CHORUS.—But Yankee Doodle, that's the thing,
 At which we're always handy;
 For high or low, we'll always sing
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

And now this noble ship once more,
 As staunch as ever man trod,
 Approached the sandy desert shore,
 And landed them on *Cape-Cod*.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, all again,
 Joined in the chorus handy,
 And cried aloud with might and main
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

When all were safely landed so,
 Our grand-daddies and gran-dams,
 And Sall and Sue, and Bill and Joe,
 All had a feast of Sand-Clams.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, all you know,
 Joined in the chorus handy,
 And Sall and Sue, and Bill and Joe,
 Sung Yankee Doodle dandy.

To keep the bears and panthers out,
 And not let savage wild men,
 Of white-pine logs each built a hut,
 As big as—*Father's Hog-Pen!*

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, let them come,
 They'll always find us handy,
 With musket balls, instead of rum,
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

They planted fields, enclosed with stakes,
 And worked like dogs or asses,
Made pumpkin-pies, and Indian cakes,
And ate them up with 'lasses.

CHORUS.—Then Yankee Doodle, one and all,
 Joined in the chorus handy,
 As loud as they could sing and bawl,
 Yankee Doodle dandy.

And every day, for many weeks,
 Beginning on each Monday,
 They watched, and worked, and fought like Greeks,
 And went to church on Sunday.

CHORUS.—For Yankee Doodle heroes great,
 In all good works are handy,
 In peace or war, in church or state,
 They're Yankee Doodle dandy.

FREEDOM AND PEACE.

[Written during the Embargo, by ALEXANDER WILSON.]

WHILE Europe's mad Powers o'er the ocean are ranging,
 Regardless of right, with their blood-hounds of war;

Their kingdoms, their empires, distracted and changing,
 Their murders and ruins resounding afar ;
 Lo ! Freedom and Peace, fair descendants of heaven !
 Of all our companions the noblest and best,
 From dark eastern regions by anarchy driven,
 Have found a retreat in the climes of the West.

CHORUS.

Then Freedom and Peace we will cherish together,
 We'll guard them with valor—we'll crown them with art :
 Nor ever resign up the one or the other,
 For all that ambition's proud pomp can impart.

Here dwell the blest cherubs, so dear to our wishes !
 Here throned in our hearts, they inspire all our themes ;
 They sport round each cottage, with smiles and with blushes,
 They glide through our streets—they sail down our streams :
 The shades of our heroes immortal delighted,
 Look down from the radiant mansions of day,
 " Be firm ! " they exclaim, " Be forever united,
 And nations may threaten, but cannot dismay."
 For Freedom and Peace, &c.

The Demons of discord are roaming the ocean,
 Their insult, and rapine, and murder are law !
 From scenes so atrocious, of blood and commotion,
 It is great—it is godlike awhile to withdraw ;
 Perhaps when the hand that has fed is suspended—
 When famine's pale spectres their steps overtake,
 The firm voice of Truth may, at last, be attended,
 And Justice and reason once more re-awake.
 But Freedom and Peace, &c.

Away with the vultures of war and ambition,
 Who headlong to rearing of navies would run !
 Those cankers of nations—those pits of perdition—
 Where Britain and France will alike be undone.
 Far nobler the arts of our country to nourish,
 Its true independence and power to increase ;
 And while our resources of industry flourish,
 To hail the glad blessings of Freedom and Peace.
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The storm we defy, it may roar at a distance—
 Unmoved and impregnable here we remain ;
 We ask not of Europe for gifts or assistance,
 But Justice, Good-Faith, and the Rights of the Main :
 Should these be refused,—in ourselves we're a world !
 And those who may dare our domains to invade,

To death and destruction at once shall be hurled ;
 For Freedom hath sworn it, and shall be obeyed !
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

We want neither emperor, king, prince, nor marshal,
 No Navies to plunder, nor Indies to fleece ;
 Our honest Decrees are, " To all be impartial,"
 Our Orders of Council, are Freedom and Peace :
 But Commerce, assailed by each vile depredator,
 Our country has willed for a while to restrain ;
 And infamy light on the head of the traitor
 Who tramples her laws for base lucre and gain.
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Look round on your country, Columbians ! undaunted,
 From Georgia to Maine—from the Lakes to the Sea ;
 Is one human blessing or luxury wanted,
 That flows not amongst us unmeasured and free ?
 Our harvests sustain half the wide eastern world,
 Our mines and our forests unexhausted remain ;
 What sails on our great Fishing-Banks are unfurled !
 What shoals fill our streams from the depths of the main !
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

The fruits of the country, our flocks and our fleeces,
 The treasures immense in our mountains that lie,
 While discord is tearing old Europe to pieces,
 Shall amply the wants of our people supply :
 New roads and canals, on their bosoms conveying
 Refinement and wealth, through our forests shall roam ;
 And millions of Freemen, with rapture surveying,
 Shall shout out, " O Liberty ! this is thy home !"
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Great shades of our Fathers ! unconquered, victorious,
 To whom, under Heaven, our Freedom we owe,
 Bear witness, that Peace we revere still as glorious—
 For Peace every gain for a while we forego :
 But should the huge Sons of Ambition and Plunder,
 Should Ocean's proud scourges our Liberty claim,
 Your spirits shall ride in the roar of our thunder
 That sweeps to the gulph of perdition their name.
 Then Freedom and Peace, &c.

Our strength and resources defy base aggression—
 Our courage—our enterprize—both have been tried ;
 Our nation, unstained with the crimes of oppression,
 Hath Heaven's own thunderbolts all on our side :
 Thence henceforth let freeman with freeman be brother,
 Our Peace and our Liberty both to assert ;

Nor ever resign up the one or the other
For all that Ambition's proud pomp can impart.

CHORUS.

Then Freedom and Peace we will cherish together,
We'll guard them with valor—we'll crown them with art ;
Nor ever resign up the one or the other
For all that Ambition's proud pomp can impart.



EMBARGO AND PEACE.

Tune, — *Anacreon in Heaven.*

WHEN our sky was illumined by freedom's bright dawn,
And our horizon glowed with its beams all resplendent ;
A patriot host shouted—" Hail to the morn
Which burst the vile shackles that held us dependent.

Let each FREEMAN now swear

That his rights he'll declare,
And to shield them from harm with his life will prepare ;
For ne'er till old ocean retires from his bed,
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led."

Ye heroes whose blood sealed these generous vows,
May your sons never forfeit the fruits of your valor ;
But at call of his country, each citizen rouse,
To maintain with his sword, that no foe can enthrall her.

Once more we will tell

That we never will sell

Those blessings we know how to value so well :
For ne'er till old ocean retires from his bed,
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

See Britain, still hostile 'gainst justice arrayed,
Her murderous weapons prepared for our nation ;
Her coffers enriched with the spoils of our trade,
And her minions commissioned to spread devastation.

But her arms we defy ;

To her arms we reply,

That in FREEDOM we live, or for FREEDOM we die.
For ne'er till old ocean retires from his bed,
Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

Let TRAITORS who feel not the patriot's flame,
Talk of yielding our honor to *Englishmen's* sway ;
No such blemish shall sully our country's fair fame,
We've no claims to surrender nor tribute to pay.

Then though foes gather round,
 We're on LIBERTY's ground,
 Both too wise to be trapped, and too strong to be bound :
 For ne'er till old ocean retires from his bed,
 Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.

From the deep we withdraw till the tempest be past,
 Till our flag can protect each American cargo,
 While British ambition's dominion shall last,
 Let us join heart and hand to support the EMBARGO,
 For EMBARGO and peace
 Will promote our increase ;
 Then *embargoed* we'll live, till injustice shall cease ;
 For ne'er till old ocean retires from her bed,
 Will Columbians by Europe's proud tyrants be led.



THE GENIUS OF FREEDOM.

WHEN Tyranny's scourge, and Oppression's chill blast,
 Which Cruelty's banner of darkness unfurled,
 The sun-beams of freedom with clouds overcast,
 The Genius escaped from a despotic world :
 On the wings of the wind,
 Left England behind,
 And flew to our shores, an assylum to find,
 Unfriended, and wandering, unblest, and alone,
 Our forefathers welcomed the maid as their own,
 The gloom of despair from her brow chased away,
 And Liberty's day-star then beamed a bright ray.

The proud sons of Europe soon sought the retreat,
 Where dwelt the sweet maid with our ancestors brave ;
 They strove to destroy Freedom's favorite seat,
 But heroes united their country to save :
 Each freeman arose,
 The slaves to oppose,
 And scattered destruction on Liberty's foes !
 Their strength was exerted ; the loud trump of fame
 Taught tyrants to tremble at Washington's name !
 But low lies the chief who our liberties saved,
 And deep in each heart is his memory engraved !

The deeds of our chieftains shall history tell,
 And each son of Liberty hear with a sigh,
 How Warren expired, and Montgomery fell ;
 How Mercer, and Wooster, for freedom could die !

Their courage oft tried,
With honor they died,

And Liberty's offspring shall bless them with pride!
Old Ocean shall boast whilst he rolls his salt wave,
Of Truxton, of Preble, Decatur the brave:
And fame shall record and America weep,
The fate of her children, who died on the deep!

Where far o'er the ocean, yon proud turrets stand,
The shouts of our seamen pierced Tripoli's skies;
Where Eaton plucked laurels from Africa's sand,
The eagle triumphant in victory flies!

The world thus may see,
Columbia's free,

And united will ever victorious be.
No danger America's sons can appal,
They'll conquer their foes, or with honor will fall!
The rights of their country still anxious to save,
In glory they'll triumph! or welcome the grave!

UNION AND LIBERTY.

Tune,—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

Hark! the trumpet of war from the East sounds alarms,
And Columbia forewarns to prepare for commotion,
Mighty Gallia on land bends the world to her arms,
While Britannia enslaves with her navy the ocean;

By no laws they're restrained,

Every right they've disdained,

With the slaughter of millions their cause is maintained;

Then unite, all ye sons of Columbia, unite,

Your country demands you—prepare for the fight.

The lust of dominion each tyrant inflames,
And Europe-enkindles in fiercest contention;
By strength if they fail to accomplish their aims,
Intrigue lights the fire of intestine dissention;

E'en our realm they have tried

By finesse to divide,

But their force and their cunning alike we deride,

For as one will the sons of Columbia unite

When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

Napoleon may boast of the deeds he has done,
 And in conquests surpass e'en the mad Alexander,
 May count all the victories his vassals have won,
 Where slaves were his foes and a slave their commander.
 Swift as light thro' the sky
 Should his myrmidons fly,
 As a rampart our breasts their attacks would defy,
 For as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

Let Old England exult in her castles of wood,
 And shake every port in the East with her thunder,
 Let her quench her ambition with oceans of blood,
 And winged by the winds, feed her avarice with plunder ;
 Her huge lion may roar
 With his mane bathed in gore,
 Still America's Eagle triumphant shall soar :
 For as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

When our Ancestors sought in this clime a retreat
 From the horrors of slavery and fell persecution,
 The Goddess of Freedom here planted her seat,
 Secured by its distance from Europe's pollution ;
 And her hallowed fane
 Undefiled shall remain,
 Till time shall be lost in eternity's reign.
 For as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

Tho' our Moses has mounted to regions of day,
 Where heroes e'er banquet on blisses supernal,
 We have thousands of Joshuas who still point the way
 That shall proudly conduct us to glory eternal ;
 While each patriot sire,
 Like a pillar of fire,
 Round his orb sheds a light that shall never expire ;
 Then as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

Our vales each production luxuriant will yield,
 The stores of the world on our clime are attendant,
 Not a blade but proclaims as it waves on the field
 That in *fact*, as of right, we may *be independent* ;
 All the groves catch the sound,
 Every stream bears it round,
 While its echoes from mountain to mountain rebound,
 Then as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

Then the blood-hounds of war, an infuriate band,
 May thwait with their legions the world's devastation;
 Protected by union our country shall stand
 Like the mountains of ages till earth's conflagration;
 And when Liberty flies
 To her seat in the skies,
 Upborne on her wings every votary shall rise;
 Then as one will the sons of Columbia unite,
 When their country demands them, and march for the fight.

FREEDOM.

Tune,—*Adams and Liberty.*

OF the victory won over tyranny's power,
 Since, brethren, we've met for a glad celebration;
 Let *this* we now spend be festivity's hour,
 While we hail with acclaim the birth-day of our nation.
 Come friends, let us fill,
 And drink—LIBERTY still,
 Its guards and its basis the whole People's will,
 And so long as the Earth in her orbit shall roll,
 May *America's* Sons own no other control!

The freedom of Conscience our Ancestors sought,
 When oppression they spurned and with terrors contended,
 For their Rights when invaded, our Fathers have fought,
 And to us the rich boon, sealed with blood, has descended,
 Let each *Freemen* then swear,
 That no fetters he'll wear,
 While his heart *freely* beats, and he breathes the *free* air,
 Norever, while Earth in her orbit shall roll,
 Will *America's* Sons bow to foreign control.

See the fair fields of Europe still blasted with War,
 And the ties, which connect man to man, torn asunder!
 In safety we view the red flame from afar,
 And hear, at a distance, the burst of the thunder.
 But should foes gather round,
 We're on LIBERTY's ground,
 Too wise to be trapped, and too strong to be bound,
 Nor ever, while Earth in her orbit shall roll,
 Will *America's* Sons brook a foreign control.

The foe of our Youth marks with dread our increase;
 Across the Atlantic, with envy she glances;

Her withered arm shakes, as she threatens our Peace,
Or with Serpent-like cunning insidious advances.

But her Arms we defy,
To her arts we reply,

That in FREEDOM we live, or for FREEDOM we die,
And never, while Earth in her orbit shall roll,
Will *America's* Sons bend to Britain's control.

Though *traitors*, assuming the Patriot's name,
Would guile us, our honor and rights to surrender,
Will Freemen thus forfeit their Country's fair fame.
While a voice can be heard, or arm move to defend her?

Once more let us tell,
That we never will sell

Those blessings we know how to value so well,
And as long as the Earth in her orbit shall roll,
We'll disdain all submission to lawless control.

INDEPENDENCE AND UNION.

BY SAMUEL G. SNELLING.

Tune,—*Hearts of Oak.*

HARK! the deep sounding cannon, in thunder proclaim
The triumph of Freedom and Slavery's shame;
On this morn rose resplendent blest Liberty's Sun,
And the children confirmed what their Fathers had done.

CHORUS.

What was purchased with blood, with our lives we'll maintain;
"We always are ready—
"Steady boys, steady—
"We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again."

The shackles which tyranny forged, as a yoke
For the people, this morn were triumphantly broke;
Let *Europe* then covet what FREEMEN can boast,
Our theme INDEPENDENCE—and UNION our toast.
What was purchased with blood, &c.

While *Lexington's* Plain every bosom inspires,
Revenge! cries the blood of our murdered Sires;
View *Bunker's* proud mount! on her crimson-stained heights
Sleep the heroes, who fought for America's rights.

What was purchased with blood, &c.

Should New-England's famed sons by a faction be led,
 Commotion and carnage our country o'erspread,
 Great WASHINGTON 's Ghost would " indignantly frown,"
 And WARREN'S blest Spirit his country disown.
 What was purchased with blood, &c.

The demon of discord may stalk through our land,
 Division be threatened by Anarchy's band ;
 But firm and undaunted their arts we defy,
 In support of our UNION we'll *conquer or die!*
 What was purchased with blood, &c.

While the Sea's haughty sovereign her standard shall wave,
 And each wind wafts the sighs of our mauaced brave,
 While Columbia's free shores shall one traitor contain,
 Let the sword, when unsheathed, never slumber again.
 What was purchased with blood, &c.

To MADISON's praise sound the clarion of fame—
 Unshaken his virtue, unsullied his name ;
 We dread not the influence of *Albion's* tools,
 While a JEFFERSON lives, and a MADISON rules !

CHORUS.

What was purchased with blood, with our lives we'll maintain,
 " We always are ready—
 " Steady boys, steady—
 " We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again."

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY SAMUEL BRAZER, JUN.

Tune,—*Heaving the Lead.*

SAY, shall in *Freedom's* loved abode,
 Her altars sink, her fires decay ?
 Shall *Anarchy's* insatiate brood
 Quench every spark, or dim each ray ?
 Ye freemen ! hear your country's call,
 'Tis your own cause, and one and all,
 Will throng to aid !

In vain shall daring, desperate foes,
 Assail the laws, which guard our rights ;
 In vain have faction's fiends arose !
 In vain the faith which treason plights ;

That faith in desperation bred,
 Shall doom to shame each guilty head,
 Which dares to aid!

Pledged to the *cause*, that patriot *cause*,
 Which fixed a world's admiring eye,
 That union just of *rights* and *laws*,
 In which 'twere *glory's height* to die!
 That *cause* for which a Warren died,
 That *cause*, a Washington's first pride,
 Who fears to aid?

In dark oblivion's envious shade,
 Say, shall our patriots' glory rest?
 No! gratitude's heart-*pr*o-*pted* aid,
 Shall sanction *duty's* high behest?
 Still emulous to reach their fame,
 Our proudest wish, our constant aim,
 Their cause to aid!

Ye sainted shades of heroes dead!
 Ye martyrs of oppression's power!
 Ye, who in freedom's conflicts bled!
 Like you to act, our wishes tower.
 If e'er again invasion's hordes,
 Shall summon forth our unsheathed swords,
 Look down and aid!

And if fell *Faction's* angry band,
 Assail our charter or our laws,
 And raise the suicidal hand,
 In foul *rebellion's* impious cause;
 Each hardy *yeoman's* toil-strung *nerve*,
 And *heart*, untaught by fear to swerve,
 Will lend their aid!

Faction shall sink, and *truth* shall soar,
 Protected *Freedom*, fearless, smile,
 Heedless of mad *sedition's* roar,
 Each art we'll spurn, each plot we'll foil!
 Our rulers just, our rights protect,
 Our yeomen brave those rights respect,
 And heaven will aid!

THE PATRIOT'S DYING HOUR.

WHEN plundering armies take the field,
 And treason's blood-stained trophies fly,
 The Patriot's soul, unborn to yield,
 Glories in Freedom's cause to die ;
 With bold indifference taught to scan
 Death and the slaves who dread its power,
 By wrongs provoked, he feels the man,
 This cheers the Patriot's dying hour.

Like lightning, flash his ardent eyes,
 The foes of freedom to engage,
 Fierce to the sanguine combat flies,
 Furious amidst the battle's rage,
 Zealous his country's cause to clasp,
 Whom treachery's blood-hounds would devour,
 Her rights to rescue from their grasp,
 Cheers the brave Patriot's dying hour.

For home ! fond source of all that charms,
 The martial warrior's bosom glows ;
 Indignant braves the war's alarms ;
 To hurl destruction on his foes.
 E'en midst the fight a hope perceives,
 Serenely meets Death's chilling power ;
 The thought, preserved his home he leaves,
 Cheers the brave Patriot's dying hour.

Proud to revenge his country's woes,
 Inspired by Heaven and Liberty,
 He feels e'en as the life-stream flows,
 It flows to make his children free.
 Heaven aids the spirit that she gave,
 To vanquish base oppression's power ;
 Those rights secured, he fought to save,
 Cheers the brave Patriot's dying hour.

 INDEPENDENCE.

Tune, — *Rural Felicity.*

WHAT heart but throbs high with sincerest devotion,
 What tongue but gives utterance to accents of joy,
 What bosom but swells with the proudest emotion,
 At this happy era—THE FOURTH OF JULY!

Then haste at our call,
 To Liberty-Hall,
 With brows free from wrinkles and minds void of care,
 Come, taste what mirth and festivity,
 Citizen-Soldiers together can share.

The birth of an *idiot*, or *knave's* elevation,
 Let *villains* and *fools* hail with senseless acclaim ;
 The day which *we* greet gave the globe a new nation,
 And raised a whole empire to FREEDOM and FAME,
Jackals and *Jackasses*
 May empty their glasses,
 To honor *their image* on some tottering throne,
 But *Freemen* will toast
 INDEPENDENCE,—their boast—
 And own for their KING their CREATOR alone.

LIBERTY.

MEN of every size and station,
 Every age and occupation,
 Foes to party—friends to reason,
 Taste the fruit that's now in season.
 Taste the fruit—revere the Tree,
 Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

While we view in peace the treasure,
 Transport glows, and heavenly pleasure,
 Raptures great the heart possessing,
 Patriots feast upon the blessing,
 Taste the fruit—revere the tree
 Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

But, alas ! while we are viewing—
 Others, different tracts pursuing,
 Life and health, and peace devouring,
 Come, their brows with envy lowering,
 Rob the fruit—despoil the tree
 Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

Shall we then, with aspects painful,
 Taste of every thing disdainful ?
 Say, shall meanness e'er excite us,
 Or must strength and courage right us ?
 Till we rear again the tree
 Which Nature plants, called LIBERTY.

Hear not men with idle stories,
 Or the dangerous tales of Tories :
 See—your native rights invaded ;
 Shall your towns be cannonaded ?

Save, O save, the glorious tree,
 Preserve your birth-right—LIBERTY.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

FOR him who sought his country's good,
 In plains of war, mid scenes of blood ;
 Who in the dubious battle's fray,
 Spent the warm noon of life's bright day,
 That to a world he might secure
 Rights that forever shall endure,
 Rear the monument of Fame !
 Deathless is the Hero's name.

For him, who, when the war was done,
 And Victory sure, and Freedom won,
 Left Glory's theatre, the field,
 The olive branch of Peace to wield ;—
 And proved, when at the helm of State,
 Though great in War, in Peace as great ;
 Rear the monument of Fame !
 Deathless is the Hero's name.

For him, whose worth, though unexpressed,
 Lives cherished in each Free-man's breast,
 Whose name, to Patriot souls so dear,
 Time's latest children shall revere,
 Whose brave achievements praised shall be,
 While beats one breast for Liberty ;
 Rear the monument of Fame !
 Deathless is the Hero's name.

But why for him vain marbles raise !
 Can the cold sculpture speak his praise ?—
 Illustrious Shade ! we can proclaim
 Our Gratitude, but not thy fame :
 Long as Columbia shall be free,
 She LIVES a monument of Thee ;—
 And may she ever rise in fame,
 To honor thy immortal Name !

FRANKLIN'S TOMB.

Tune, — *Return enraptured hours.*

THE fairest flowrets bring,
 In all their vernal bloom ;
 And let the sweets of spring,
 Adorn great FRANKLIN's tomb ;
 The PATRIOT's toil is done,
 At length his labors cease ;
 The unfading crown is won,
 His sun has set in peace.

The sons of SCIENCE grieve,
 Each patriot heaves a sigh,
 And scarcely can believe
 Such worth could ever die ;
 No—deathless is his fame,
 His honors will increase.
 And FRANKLIN's splendid name
 With time alone shall cease.

While nimble lightnings fly,
 Or awful thunders roll ;
 While meteors gild the sky,
 And dart from pole to pole ;
 Mankind shall still admire,
 When FRANKLIN's name they hear,
 Who grasped celestial fire,
 And broke the OPPRESSOR's spear.

Through every future age,
 While History holds her pen,
 She'll place this honored sage
 Amongst the first of men :
 Columbia's favored son
 Has earned immortal fame,
 Then, with great WASHINGTON,
 Record our FRANKLIN's name.

 LIGHT OF GLORY.
Tune, — *Rule Britannia.*

AGAIN athwart the Atlantic main,
 Through morning's rosy portals seen,

The Star of Freedom lights our plain,
 And glances on our mountains green,
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

When erst opprest by tyrant force
 Our fathers sought a distant shore,
 Thy rays illumed the pilgrims' course,
 And Western Magi thee adore.
 Light of Glory shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

The moss-clad cell and barren coast
 Thy power transforms to cities fair,
 And late where roamed the savage host
 The virgin waves her golden hair.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

See warmed by thy creative ray,
 Pactolus streams rich commerce brings,
 While Art usurps rude Nature's sway
 And science spreads her eagle wings.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

When mad Oppression stretched her arm,
 Our wealth to seize, ourselves enslave,
 Thy beams made patriot bosoms warm,
 But lit the tyrants to their grave.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

Then, mid the fiery blaze of war,
 Great WASHINGTON undaunted stood;
 Bore on his arm a nation's care,
 And o'er his brow the smiles of GOD.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

This DAY be festive honors paid
 To those whose blood manured the tree,
 Beneath whose wide and glorious shade,
 We taste the sweets of Liberty.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

With Eagle's eye and Lion's nerve,
 The fruits our Father's labor won,

We swear forever to preserve,
 And guard the GIFT OF WASHINGTON.
 Light of Glory, shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

NATIONAL MATURITY.

Firm spirit and nerve, to free nations belong,
 Provoked into combat by insolent wrong :
 If Europe will doubt it, invading this shore,
 We'll act as our fathers have acted before.

Their virtue and valor our greatness began,
 Most solidly built on the fair "RIGHTS OF MAN!"
 Deaf alike to tyrannical menace or lure,
 Their aim was exalted, their system was pure.

In vain to such minds did the future unfold
 Privation and hazard to stagger the bold ;
 They paused at no danger, well counting the cost,
 Nor tampered with peril till safety was lost :

Unflinching saw army on army displayed,
 Cause cowards to falter, and traitors to aid :
 A chief and his heroes—all staunch in the cause—
 Defeated the foe and established our laws.

Such glorious deeds graced the national morn,
 That soon as the child INDEPENDENCE was born,
 He rose a young HERCULES, stronger by strife,
 And strangled the snakes that attempted his life!

What our fathers could wrest from a step-mother wild,
 When gristle alone braced the national child—
 Now the stout bone of Union connects every joint,
 Their sons can maintain at the bayonet's point.

ROYAL SPORT.

Tune, — *Fidelity.*

The Genius of Freedom, of unsullied fame,
 In Europe was *hunted* as royal *fair game* ;
 Eluding the chase of his Albion foes,
 He sought in Columbia a place to repose.
 Fol, lol, &c..

Not long *under cover* till Britain's *fell pack*,
 Took *scent* of the *Genius* and *followed his track*,
 Asserting their title to *hunt on the ground*,
 Wherever his majesty's *game* could be found.
 Fol, lol, &c.

The sons of *Columbia*, the heirs of the soil,
 Such *savage-like sporting* determined to spoil,
 Resolved like *freemen* their rights to maintain,
 And drove the *fell pack* to their *kennel* again.
 Fol, lol, &c.

The *blood-hounds* of Britain again we now spy,
Unkennelled, uncoupled and *all in full cry*,
 And driving *full speed* to be in *at the death*,
 To wind the *shrill horn* upon *Freedom's last breath*.
 Fol, lol, &c.

There's all the old *Tories* and old *Refugees*,
 And *merciless Indians* united with these,
 At the *sound of the bugle* they *follow the track*,
 And *join in the chase* with the old *British pack*.
 Fol, lol, &c.

Though *daring* awhile to *make game* of our cause,
 Unpunished they shall not long *sport* with our laws,
 For *lashing the puppies* half *trained to the chase*,
 We'll send them to *Scotia* again in *disgrace*.
 Fol, lol, &c.

Though *spies* and though *traitors* should practice their wiles,
 Fair *Freedom* shall ne'er be *entrapped in their toils*,
 Like true blooded *Yankees*, we'll *smoke their stale tricks*,
 And play them the *game* of old *seventy-six*.
 Fol, lol, &c.

John Bull he may *bellow*, his *lion* may *growl*,
 His *bullies* may *bluster*, his *war-dogs* may *howl*,
 Like our fathers our *freedom* we'll ever maintain,
 They beat the *whole pack* and we'll beat them again.
 Fol, lol, &c.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

COLUMBIA long, too long, hath borne,
 The haughty Britons' envious spite;
 Resolved no more to bear their scorn,
 She rises in her youthful might,

And calls her sons to brave the fight ;
 Enraged they hear her mournful strains,
 And swear to avenge her trampled right.
 Look ! where they spread her frontier plains,
 And freely yield oblations from their generous veins !

Britain may urge the scalping knife,
 Exulting o'er the barbarous deed ;
 We scorn to stain our noble strife,
 Or make the helpless victim bleed.
 By virtue, once ourselves we freed,
 And virtue still shall be our guide,
 Though British gold—the traitor's meed,
 Should strive, our country to divide :
 For Heaven-born justice is our safety and our pride.

Is there a wretch—so vile and base !
 So lost to honor's glorious charm !
 Who sees his country spurn disgrace,
 And will not lend his vigorous arm,
 To crush the foe, that wills her harm ?
 O ! may he never find a friend,
 Whose converse might his bosom warm ;
 Nor, when distress his steps attend,
 The feeling heart, that would its kind assistance lend.

FREEMEN OF COLUMBIA.

BY HENRY STANLEY, ESQ.

Tune,—*The gentlemen of England.*

YE Freemen of Columbia,
 Who guard your native coast,
 Whose fathers won your liberty,
 Your country's pride and boast ;
 Your glorious standard rear again,
 To match your ancient foe,
 As she roars on your shores,
 Where the stormy tempests blow ;
 As she prowls for prey, on every shore,
 Where the stormy tempests blow,

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall hover o'er each plain,
 Where in their injured country's cause
 The immortal brave were slain !

Where bold Montgomery fearless fell,
 Where carnage strewed the field,
 In your might, shall you fight,
 And force the foe to yield ;
 And on the heights of Abraham
 Your country's vengeance wield.

Columbia fears no enemy,
 That ploughs the briny main,
*Her home a mighty continent,
 Its soil her rich domain !*
 To avenge our much loved country's wrongs,
 To the field her sons shall fly,
 While alarms sound to arms,
 We'll conquer or we'll die.
 When Britain's tears may flow in vain,
 As low her legions lie !

Columbia's Eagle standard,
 Triumphant then shall tower,
 Till from the land the foe depart—
 Driven by its gallant power.
 Then, then ye patriot warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow,
 And no more, on our shore,
 Shall war's dread tempests blow,
 But the breeze of peace shall gently breathe,
 Like the winds that murmur low.

FREEDOM'S STAR.

Tune,—*Hermit of Killarney.*

WHEN rolling orbs from chaos sprung,
 A guide for the oppressed ;
 One sparkling star kind nature flung
 And fixed it in the west ;
 Admiring millions view its flight,
 And hail it from afar ;
 Ecstasied bless its cheering light,
 They call it FREEDOM'S STAR.

Beneath its influence, deserts wild
 Are decked in Eden's bloom,
 Its makes the wintry tempest mild,
 Deep forests cease to gloom ;
 And man erect, with eye of fire
 The oppressor's threats can dare,
 May to man's dignity aspire,
 And bless his FREEDOM'S STAR.

It can a brighter mantling glow
 O'er blushing beauty shed,
 A smile of heavenly radiance throw,
 A halo round her head ;
 The warrior rouse through tented field
 To drive the rapid car,
 Whilst tyrants pale and trembling yield
 To FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.

Then sweep, ye Bards, the sounding lyre
 In animating strain ;
 Sages consume with pens of fire
 The fell oppressor's chain ;
 Then to the field ye brave and free,
 Nor dread the storm of war ;
 Your guide to victory shall be
 Dear FREEDOM'S BLAZING STAR.

LIBERTY.

LAND of my Fathers—Freedom's Field,
 Thy sacred rights shall be maintained ;
 Columbia's sons will never yield,
 Or see thy spotless honor stained ;
 For He who gave us life, gave thee,
 Our country's pride—sweet LIBERTY.

With joy each freeman hears the sound,
 That calls to arms—to arms ! ye brave ;
 The servile heart will not be found,
 That would not bleed our rights to save ;
 For He who gave us life, gave thee,
 Our country's pride—Sweet LIBERTY.

The cannon's music charms the ear,
 When freemen do for freedom fight :
 Prepare ! Columbia's sons, prepare !
 We'll die before we'll yield our right :
 For He who gave us life, gave thee,
 Our country's pride—sweet LIBERTY.

Father above, in thee we trust—
 A band of *brothers* look to thee ;
 We own *thy power*, but know thee just,
 And trust that nature made us free.
 Yes, He who gave us life, gave thee,
 Our country's pride—OUR LIBERTY.

Martyrs to Freedom, view each heart,
 We'll die or save those rights you've given ;
 With these just rights we will not part,
 Unless it be to meet in Heaven,
 For He who gave us life, gave thee,
 Columbia's pride—OUR LIBERTY.



A FREE PEOPLE.

Tune,—*Humors of Glen.*

THOUGH *Britain* may boast of her profligate *Regent*,
 Her crazy old King and his pageantry grand ;
 Her *old tory friends* to her mandates obedient
 In acting as *foes* to their own native land ;
 Yet as *whigs* their own country will still think the most of,
 In praising *Columbia* sure I'm not wrong ;
Columbia containing what *Europe* can't boast of—
 I mean A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

Ye sycophant throng about *honors* who gabble,
 Your *lords*, and your *dukes*, and your *bishops* profane,
 Are fed and upheld by a blind stupid rabble,
 At once of our nature the curse and the stain :
 But for US truly blest with *republican* spirit,
 We drive all such *vermin* to where they belong,
 The passports to *honor* are *virtue* and *merit*,
 Among A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

'Tis *freedom* and *justice* *Columbians* cherish,
 Our *rights* as a nation are what we demand ;
 And sooner will *whigs* like *Leonidas* perish
 Than live to take *insults* at tyranny's hand ;
 And in *Europe* not only, but all the world over,
 Shall fame spread the tidings with emphasis strong,
 That tyrants in vain have used every endeavor,
 To enslave A FREE PEOPLE—the theme of my song.

Then let not *Columbians* the *contest* before us
 Contemplate with doubts or base fears of the end ;
 For the *God* of our fathers will surely watch o'er us ;
 The *offspring* of patriots he'll surely defend ;
 And let not proud *Britain* the idea cherish,
 That our fathers are gone and they'll ravage our shore ;
 Our fathers left SONS who will gloriously perish,
 Or conquer the *foe*, as their sires did before.

REPARATION OR WAR.

Written during the Embargo.

Tune,—*Battle of the Nile.*

REJOICE, Rejoice, brave Patriots rejoice,
 Our martial sons take a bold and manly stand!
 Rejoice, rejoice, exulting raise your voice,
 Let UNION pervade our happy land.
 The altar of LIBERTY shall never be polluted,
 But FREEDOM expand and flourish, firm and deeply rooted.
 Our Eagle towering high,
 Triumphant shall fly,
 While men like JEFFERSON preside to serve their country!
 Huzza! Huzza! Boys, &c. &c.
 With firmness we'll resent our wrongs sustained at sea,
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c.
 For none but slaves will bend to tyranny.

To arms, to arms, with ardor rush to arms,
 Our injured RIGHTS have long for vengeance cried.
 To arms, to arms, prepare for war's alarms!
 If honest REPARATION be denied.
 Though feeble counteracting plans, or foreign combinations,
 May interdict awhile our trade against the law of nations,
 The EMBARGO on SUPPLIES,
 Shall open Europe's eyes;
 Proclaiming unto all the world, COLUMBIA will be free,
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c.
 With honor we'll maintain a just NEUTRALITY!
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c.
 For none but slaves will bend to tyranny.

Defend, defend, ye heroes and ye sages,
 The gift divine—your INDEPENDENCY!
 Transmit, with joy, down to future ages,
 How WASHINGTON achieved your liberty.
 When FREEMEN are insulted they send forth vengeful thunder.
 Determined to maintain their rights, strike the foe with wonder;
 They cheerfully will toil,
 To cultivate the soil,
 And rather live on humble fare than *feast* ignobly.
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c.
 UNITED, firm we stand, invincible and free,
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c.
 Then none but slaves shall bend to tyranny.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY R. T. PAINE, JUN. ESQ.

Tune,—*Battle of the Nile.*

LET patriot pride our patriot triumph wake!
 The Jubilee of Freedom *relumes* a Nation's soul!
 On land, or main, no right of realm forsake,
 Though warriors' storms, like ocean's tempests roll.
 Spread your banners, let Commerce, Industry directing,
 Mantle the waves, by courage, Wealth protecting;
 And new honors while we pay
 To our country's Natal Day,
 Let us build her great renown,
 From a soil and sea our own;
 For COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, ART—rewarded shall be!
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!
 Heaven gave to Man the Charter to be free.
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!
 COLUMBIA lives, and claims the great decree.

Arise! Arise! Columbia's Sons Arise!
 Assert, on the ocean, your Ocean's sovereign law
 No hostile flag shall hover in your skies;
 No pirate shall keep your mariners in awe.
 Be the rights of your shores by *Cannon Law* expounded—
 And your waters shall be safe where *hook and line* are sounded.
 On the shores of Newfoundland,
 Let your tars and boats command,
 For a *mine of wealth* you keep,
 In the *Bank* beneath the deep,
 Whose Charter, awful Charter, is *renewed* by every sea.
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

If equal justice neutral laws proclaim,
 No power will presumptuous your sovereignty disgrace;
 Among your Stars inscribe a *Nation's* name,
 Your flag will guard our freedom and your race.
 Base submission inviting indignity and plunder—
 Like a worm, kills an Oak, which should have braved the thunder.
 Though beneath the rifling ball,
 Should the mountain monarch fall,
 Still in majesty he reigns,
 And though *prostrate*, rules the plains;
 And scions, blooming scions, spring to renovate the tree.
 Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

Arouse ! Arouse ! Columbia's Sons, Arouse !
 And burst through the slumber at faction's dreaming fears :—
 Bid Cannons shake the tempests from your brows,
 And the clouds shall echo glory on your ears.
 When the trumpet of Victory, Independence claiming,
 Swelled o'er your hills from fields, in battle flaming ;
 When the Freedom of the land,
 By your Patriotic Band,
 To *this* TEMPLE was consigned,
 'Twas WASHINGTON enshrined,
 That the CHARTER, sacred CHARTER, *there* immortal
 should be.
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Heaven gave to Man, the Charter *to be free*.
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 COLUMBIA lives, and claims the great decree.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune,—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

O'er the forest-crowned hills, the rich vallies and streams,
 Of lovely Columbia, oppression prevailed ;
 But fired by the glow of bright Liberty's beams,
 Her sons flew to arms, and the demon assailed ;
 And though long in fight,
 He resisted their might ;
 Their prowess, at length, put his legions to flight,
 And never, no never, by us shall be stained
 The laurels our *Fathers* so gloriously gained.

The olive-crowned goddess them smiling appeared,
 And sweet Independence shed blessings around ;
 When loud in the west, the dread war-whoop was heard,
 Where murderous chiefs on Columbia frowned ;
 Again as her shield,
 Her sons took the field ;
 Nor left it till forced was each savage to yield ;
 And never, no never, by us shall be stained
 The laurels our *Brothers* so gloriously gained.

Now peace again smiled, and the *plough* and the *sail*,
 Abundance of wealth to Columbia brought,
 When faction *puffed up by an orient gale* ;
 To ruin her empire, seductively sought.
 But vain were its arts !
 For the patriot hearts,

Of her eagle-eyed sons soon repelled all its darts ;
 And never, no never, by us shall be stained
 The laurels our Brothers so gloriously gained.

Inflated with envy, now Tripoli's lord,
 Of war, at Columbia, threw the dread bolt ;
 When scorning all danger, her sons rushed on board,
 Resolving to humble that crescent-crowned dolt.
 And quickly their thunder,
 His walls rent asunder,
 Impressing his palace and people with wonder ;
 And never, no never, by us shall be stained
 The laurels our Brothers so gloriously gained.

At length, mother Britain, regardless of right,
 The flag of Columbia dishonored each day ;
 While Emperor Boney, new broils to excite,
 Would govern her councils with absolute sway.
 But maugre them, we
 At home are still free,
 And so, while we've arms, are determined to be ;
 For never, no never, by us shall be stained
 The laurels our Brothers have gloriously gained.



JEFFERSON'S ELECTION.

Sung by the Americans in London, March 4, 1802.

Tune,—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

WELL met, fellow-freemen ! Let's cheerfully greet
 The return of this day, with a copious libation :
 For Freedom this day in her chosen retreat,
 Hailed her favorite JEFFERSON chief of our nation.
 A Chief, in whose mind
 Republicans find,

Wisdom, probity, honor and firmness combined.
 Let our wine sparkle high, whilst we gratefully give,
 The health of our Sachem, and long may he live.

Political frenzy howled wild o'er the earth,
 Ambition and rapine with blood tinged the ocean ;
 While JEFFERSON, ripening sage systems for birth,
 Found the peaceful legitimate path to promotion.

With Reason his guide,
 At WASHINGTON's side,
 His virtues and talents full often were tried,
 Now he's Chief in command, let the universe see,
 How happy a nation of freemen can be !

Whilst Europe's proud Chiefs wield the sword or the pen,
 By force or by fraud to acquire new possessions;
 Our rulers speak—"peace and good will towards men,"
 And their practice accords with their cordial professions;
 But should foreign foes
 Their rancor disclose,
 And by discord or arms dare disturb our repose,
 Let our chief give the word, and he safely may trust,
 That those haughty disturbers shall soon "bite the dust."

May JEFFERSON's genius sublimely control,
 The carplings of envy, the frenzy of faction;
 At his bidding let Union attune each free soul,
 And Godlike philanthropy spring into action;
 Thus blessing and blest,
 By his country carest,
 Sweet peace shall forever illumine his breast!
 Admiring his virtues, again let us give,
 The health of our Sachem, and long may he live.

THE PATRIOT.

THE firm patriot mind is the source of high merit,
 Ennobling above both ambition and riches:
 It fortifies man with invincible spirit—
 Is stronger than citadel, bulwark or ditches.

The steady sound mind is tranquility's mother.
 The well balanced spirit no panic surprises;
 No hazard that chances or time can discover,
 Will shake it, though novel disaster arises,

It smiles at the timid man's terror ideal,
 Who shrinks from each point of a possible danger—
 Paints fancy-bred peril, and magnifies real,
 To firmness and fortitude always a stranger.

If savage allies of the enemy polished,
 Out-flanking new levies, at first should defeat us—
 The patriot's energy, never demolished,
 But sparkles more brightly when cruel men beat us.

Remember Columbia's reverses notorious,
 When step-mother Britain hired Indians to scare us;
 Brave STARK and Green-Mountain Boys, gallant and glorious,
 At a blow stunned the blood-hounds unmuzzled to tear us.

Republican Freemen that Liberty cherish,
 Like Greeks when the Tyrant of Persia would maul 'em,
 Will conquer the foe of their country or perish—
 No tyrant can daunt and no savage appal 'em.

By tactics or tumults Old Races long seated,
 May vanquish Old Races less skillful or tamer;
 But ne'er was a mighty Young Nation defeated,
 Born martial and free, with a cause to inflame her!

FREEDOM'S CALL.

BY COL. HUMPHREYS.

Tune, — *The Restoration March.*

THOUGH love's soft transports, may
 A while allure the soul,
 When FREEDOM calls to war,
 'Those powers she will control;
 When British bands in hostile arms,
 Indignantly we view,
 What patriot's breast but throbs, to bid
 His love, and ease, adieu:
 In Freedom's all inspiring cause,
 'To fly alert to arms,
 And change his downy bed,
 For Mars's dread alarms.

Then let not love's sweet bane,
 Your gallant souls enthrall,
 But in your country's cause,
 Resolve to stand or fall;
 And when by our united force,
 We've drove the tyrants home,
 With laurels, such as graced the brows
 Of sons of ancient Rome;
 We'll each return to his kind lass,
 Whose beauty soon shall prove,
 That for the toils of war,
 The best reward is love.

CONQUER OR DIE.

Tune, — *Glover's March.*

REMEMBER now the awful hour,
 When through the land rung loud alarms ;
 And, joined to breast the tyrant's power,
 Our valiant fathers flew to arms ;
 When HE, who rules the earth and main,
 And makes the good and brave his care,
 On Bunker's height and Monmouth's plain,
 Saved struggling patriots from despair.

Ye spirits, martyrs in the cause,
 Who firm amid the battle stood,
 Ye fell for freedom and the laws,
 And sealed our charter with your blood.
 And if on high, to wondering eyes,
 No sculptured pile its head uprears,
 For you, with ceaseless flow, shall rise
 A people's mingled thanks and tears.

And thou, too, father of our land,
 What meed of praise is due to thee !
 Who broke the proud oppressor's band,
 And set a groaning nation free.
 What though to blast thy honored name,
 With treacherous praise, the base presume ;
 Yet wide, unspotted is thy fame,
 And glories thicken round thy tomb.

No coward spirit e'er was thine,
 No trembling step, no faltering word ;
 The foe beheld thy falchion shine,
 And peace was purchased by thy sword.
 And sweet her reign ; while unopposed
 Our starry ensign rode secure,
 And western wilds with joy unclosed
 Their fertile bosoms to the poor.

What sounds are these invade our ears ?
 The sailor's groan, the infant's cries !
 But heaven the prayer of vengeance hears,
 And bids our injured country rise.
 Nor will Columbia's eagle bear,
 While on her cliff she sits at rest,
 That safe below the vulture tear
 Her eaglets falling from her nest.

Away then every doubt and fear,
 Let party strife be seen no more,
 And let the lawless pirates bear
 Our cannon sound from shore to shore.
 While here each festive gallant band
 Shall raise the patriot altar high,
 And with united heart and hand,
 Shall swear **TO CONQUER OR TO DIE.**

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune, — *Infancy.*

COME genius of our happy land,
 And bless this festive day;
 Thy sons are all a loyal band;
 We love thee and obey,
 We love thee and obey.

CHORUS. — For should the blasts of war be heard,
 To threat impending harms,
 Secure beneath the veteran band,
 We'll brave the world in arms,
 We'll brave the world in arms.

Bold as our sires nor born to yield,
 But scorn for scorn bestow,
 The blossoms which adorn our field,
 Bloom not to deck a foe,
 Bloom not to deck a foe.

CHORUS. — For should the blasts of war be heard,
 To threat impending harms,
 Secure beneath the veteran band,
 We'll brave the world in arms,
 We'll brave the world in arms.

GUNPOWDER TEA.

Tune. — *Johnny put the kettle on.*

JOHNNY SCOT, they say,
 They say they say they say

As soon as e'er they reach our shore,
They must have their tea.

CHORUS,—So go and put the kettle on,
Be sure to blow the bellows strong;
Load our cannon every one,
With strong *Gunpowder tea*.

They'll get it strong, they need not dread,
Sweetened well with sugar of *lead*;
Perhaps it may get in their head,
And spoil their taste for tea.
So go, &c.

But should they set a foot on shore,
Their cups we'd fill them o'er and o'er,
Such as John Bull drank here before—
Nice Saratoga tea.

So go, &c.

Then let them come, as soon's they can;
They'll find us at our posts each man;
Their hides we will completely tan,
Before they get their tea.

CHORUS.—So go and put the kettle on;
Be sure to blow the bellows strong;
Load our cannon every one,
With strong *Gunpowder tea*.

THE TIMES.

YE brave sons of Freedom, come join in the chorus,
At the dangers of war don't let us repine,
But sing and rejoice at the prospect before us,
And drink it success in a bumper of wine.

At the call of the nation,
Let each to his station,
And resist depredation,
Which our country degrades;
Ere the conflict is over,
Our rights we'll recover,
Or punish whoever
Our honor invades.

We're abused and insulted, our rights are infringed,
Our rights are infringed, our rights are infringed,
Let us rouse up, let us rouse up, when their rights are invaded,
And announce to the world, we're *United and Free!*

By our navy's protection,
 We'll make our election,
 And in every direction,
 Our trade shall be free ;
 No *BRITISH* oppression,
 No *Gallic* aggression,
 Shall disturb the possession
 We claim to the sea.

Then Columbia's ships shall sail on the ocean,
 And the nations of Europe respect us at last :
 Our *stars* and our *stripes* shall command their devotion,
 And **LIBERTY** perch on the top of the mast.
 Though *Bona* and *John Bull*,
 Continue their long pull,
 'Till ambition's cup full,
 Be drained to the lees ;
 By wisdom directed,
 By tyrants respected,
 By *cannon* protected,
 We'll traverse the seas.

Though vile combinations to sever the *Union*,
 Be projected with caution and managed with care,
 Though Traitors and Britons in sweetest communion,
 Their patriot virtue unite and compare,
American thunder,
 Shall rend it asunder,
 And ages shall wonder,
 At the deeds we have done !
 And every *Tory*,
 When he hears of the story,
 Shall repine at the glory
 Our heroes have won.

Let local attachments be condemned and discarded,
 Distrust and suspicion be banished the mind,
 Let **UNION**, our safety, be ever regarded,
 When improved by example, by virtue refined ;
 Our ancestors brought it,
 Our sages have taught it,
 Our *WASHINGTON* bought it,
 'Tis our glory and boast ;
 No factions shall ever,
 Our government sever,
 But **UNION** forever,
 Shall be our last **TO AST**.

YANKEE CHRONOLOGY.

Written for the 4th of July, 1812.

The last verse was added on opening the Theatre.

I NEED not now tell what it was drove our sires
To seek on these shores for a country and name ;
It is very well known, and the whole world admires
Their valor, their wisdom, their fortune, and fame.
The name of the Hero who conquered the Ocean
They gave to the world which his wisdom unveiled :
Columbia!—the land of my dearest devotion !
Thy sons still have triumphed wherever assailed.
Then huzza for the sons of *Columbia* so free !
They are Lords of the Soil—they'll be Lords of the Sea !

I'll begin my chronology just at those times, sir,
When Britain with her thunder shook the sea and the land,
And declared truth and honor were the basest of crimes, sir,
And threatened chastisement from her mighty hand.
But the first time she tried it, O ! dire the disgrace, sirs,
When Percy so bold marched to Lexington plain—
But he danced yankee doodle home, instead of chevy-chase, sirs,
And was very glad to get back to Boston again.

Then Huzza ! &c.

On the seventeenth of June, in the year seventy-five, sir,
The gallant British troops marched to take Bunker-Hill :
O the fame of that battle must ever survive, sir,
When courage and justice battled numbers and skill.
There were Warren and Putnam and the brave yankee yeomen,
They mowed down whole ranks like grass in the field.
When their powder was gone why they beat down their foemen
With the butts of their guns—still disdaining to yield !

Then Huzza ! &c.

In the year seventy-six came the two noble brothers,
With an Army and fleet fit to conquer a world :
And Cornwallis and Rawdon and Tarleton and others,
And murder and rapine on our country were hurled.
When the Briton in his power swore he'd soon make an end on't !
And our troops, though indignant, step by step forced to fly—
Then our congress declared we were free and independent,
On the ever ever glorious fourth of July !

Then Huzza ! &c.

Great Washington then like his own native Eagle,
From the hill tops looked down on these vultures and crows :
Jove's bird ! armed by heaven with power more than regal,
Descended in thunder ! and pounced on his foes ;
Through the snows of December he pushed into Trenton :
Crossed the Delaware midst ice and the storm's surly moan ;

Gallant Rahl and his Germans were the prey he was bent on,
 And they fell bravely fighting in a cause not their own.
 Then Huzza! &c.

The month not yet ended when Washington again, sirs,
 Shone resplendant in arms, and his foes fled with shame,
 'Twas at Princeton he found them a full open plain, sirs,
 And charged like a Mars leading victory and fame!
 The year seventy-seven crowned the labors of Schuyler
 When Burgoyne and his army surrendered to Gates;
 And Britain found that Yankees at all points could foil her,
 And her Stars shone unclouded through the United States.
 Then Huzza! &c.

Of the many gallant actions and heroes who fell, sirs,
 Should I here make record, time and patience would fail,
 And my song to a volume in folio would swell, sirs,
 And still do injustice to the glorious tale.
 But I must speak of Monmouth, where Sir Harry retreating,
 Felt his hardest day's march and so sore and so hot;
 And Washington again gave the red-coats a beating
 Till their ships gave them shelter from the damned rebel shot!
 Then Huzza! &c.

It is very well known in the famous year eighty,
 How Sumpter, and Morgan, and Green led the field;
 Their acts were a prelude to one still more weighty
 Which forced haughty Britain the contest to yield,
 I mean *that* at Yorktown where noble Cornwallis
 Surrendered an army in eighty and one,
 And Britain paid the price of her injustice and follies,
 And Washington could say, "now my labors are done."
 Then Huzza, &c.

We are now, sirs, at war with the same haughty nation,
 Our wrongs to redress and our rights to maintain;
 Each son of Columbia will soon find his station,
 And Europe be taught to respect us again.
 Here's success to our Navy, here's success to our army,
 Here's success to the Rulers and Statesmen all round,
 All Europe united in arms cannot harm ye,
 While true Yankee hearts in your bosoms are found!
 Then Huzza, &c.

On the nineteenth of August, in the present blessed year, sirs,
 Our brave Captain Hull met the *Guerricre* so proud,
 Stout Daeres her commander who had never yet knew fear, sirs,
 Bade his merry men stand by and his three ensigns showed.
 But our good Constitution and our brave Yankee seamen
 In less than forty minutes forced the Englishmen to strike;
 All her masts by the board showed our guns were served by freemen,
 And the oldest English tar swore he'd never seen the like!
 Then Huzza! for the sons of Columbia so free,
 They are lords of the soil, they'll be lords of the sea.

MARTIAL SONGS.



THE SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER is the noblest name,
Enrolled upon the list of fame,
His country's pride and boast :
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws his sword,
Should ne'er be stained or lost.
To guard our rights and liberty,
Our duty and our care,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And to the verge of life protect
The innocent and fair.

The EAGLE towering from her nest,
Her influence spread from East to West,
Where Freedom soon appeared ;
'Twas there she found her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Great WASHINGTON revered.
And smiling thus the goddess spoke,
" Columbia's sons draw near :
A soldier's duty ne'er forget,
Behold the bright example set,
The school of honor's here."



THE AMERICAN HERO.

BY THE REV. N. NILES.

Tune,—*Bunker-Hill.*

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans.

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
 And we must all bow to the King of Terrors,
 Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
 What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission ;
 Bids us be quiet under all his dealings ;
 Never repining, but forever praising,
 God our Creator.

Well may we praise him—all his ways are perfect ;
 Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
 Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals
 Struck blind by lustre

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
 Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder ;
 Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness,
 Infinite kindness.

O then exult that God forever reigneth ;
 Clouds, which around him hinder our perception,
 Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
 Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master,
 I will commit all that I have or wish for ;
 Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
 When called to yield it.

Now Mars I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
 Bursting from bomb-shells roaring like the cannon,
 Rattling like grape-shot, like a storm of hail-stones,
 Torturing ether.

Up the black heavens, let the spreading flames rise,
 Breaking like Etna through the smoky columns,
 Lowering like Egypt o'er the falling city,
 Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
 Let slip your blood-hounds called the British lions,
 Dauntless as death stars, nimble as the whirlwind,
 Dreadful as demons !

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles ;
 Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature ;
 Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
 Bear down to battle,

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
 Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
 Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
 Quick to destruction !

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven,
 Never advance where I'm afraid to follow,
 While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
 War I defy thee.

Fame and dear Freedom lure me on to battle,
 While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
 Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
 To the encounter.

Life for my country, and the cause of freedom,
 Is but a trifle for a worm to part with,
 And if preserved in so great a contest,
 Life is redoubled.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

THE sun, emerging from his bed,
 Began to tinge the hills with red ;
 Unfolding to the distant sight,
 The heroes brave on Bunker's Height—
 Determined to be free, or fight.
 For country's rights and Liberty.

Great WARREN led his patriot-band
 Of heroes nursed in freedom's land,
 Whose sturdy limbs, they boldly swear,
 No Tyrant's chains shall ever wear,
 Nor lordly Despots ever share
 The products of their Industry.

Thus filled with courage—roused with ire,
 Whilst indignation lends its fire,
 With hasty steps to arms they fly,
 And Britain's hosts their looks defy,
 Resolved to conquer, or to die,
 Nor brook disgraceful slavery.

Commissioned by perfidious Gage,
 The foe approaches, armed with rage—
 "Disperse, ye rebels"—loud they roar,
 "Ye rebels damned"—nor added more,
 But soon they shook the solid shore,
 With thunders of Artillery.

Then WARREN snatched his shining blade ;
 But courage cool his words displayed—
 “ Your fathers’ voice cries from their graves,
 “ My generous sons, scorn to be slaves !
 “ Nor ever yield to royal knaves,
 Your birth-right, and your Legacy.”

Together then the armies clash,
 And lightning from their weapons flash—
 Now cannons roar ! and muskets blaze !
 And sheets of fire the hill displays,
 Which all the distant towns amaze !
 So dreadful was the Scenery.

Now blood of heroes stains the ground,
 And slaughtered ranks lie scattered round—
 And fiercer still the contest grows,
 As PUTNAM rushes on the foe,
 And warily every bosom glows,
 With hopes of glorious Victory.

Twice the Foe was put to flight,
 And, rallied twice, renew the fight,
 And if some God had brought supply
 Of ammunition from the sky,
 Again they had been forced to fly,
 Before the arms of Bravery.

What scenes of horror and surprize,
 Now struck the wondering Britons’ eyes !
 What groupes of dying—wounded—slain,
 Brave Freedom’s sons left on the plain !
 The blood streams warm from many a vein
 Of heroes, famed for Gallantry.

In rocky caves, and gloomy cells,
 In gaping vaults, and deep-dug wells,
 They croud their dead—a piteous heap !
 Far from their native land to sleep,
 Where widows mourn, and orphans weep,
 The effects of British Tyranny.

But WARREN, hapless was thy doom !
 On Bunker’s Height to find a tomb ;
 What tongue can give thee due applause,
 A martyr in thy country’s cause,
 Supporter of its rights and laws,
 A scourge to fraud and Villainy.

THE DEATH OF WARREN.

LET others boast a Monarch's pride
 Surrounded by a sanguine tribe,
 A nobler theme my muse shall guide—
 The deeds of the valiant WARREN.
 When tyrant George assailed our shore,
 And thousands of his slaves sent o'er,
 With power to kill, inflict each ill,
 Our towns to burn that we might mourn,
 And make us to his sway return,
 A sway that was slavish and foreign.

It was then our patriot hearts arose
 As one, resolving to oppose
 The progress of our cruel foes,
 And stop their wicked courses ;
 WARREN was his country's choice,
 Called to action by its voice,
 And at the word he drew his sword,
 Quit drug and pill, his post to fill,
 And takes command on Bunker's hill,
 To repel the tyrant's forces.

Now HOW, who had the chief command
 Of George's troops within our land,
 Addresses thus his hireling band—
 " To stand us they are not able ;
 " Behold, he cries, the motly host,
 And quickly drive them from their post ;
 And as you live no quarters give,
 Mind no prayer, not one spare,
 For vengeance we will have that's rare,
 And destroy every Yankee rebel."

Then WARREN, with undaunted breast,
 As up the hill the enemy pressed,
 With honest pride these words expressed,
 As he viewed the British banners—
 " Our flag unfurled we'll let them see
 Our motto's Death or Liberty ;
 In Freedom's name my friends take aim,
 'Tis my desire, as they come nigher,
 That no man throw away his fire ;
 And we'll teach those red-coats manners.

" Remember well the wrongs we've bore,
 See Boston's streets deluged with gore,
 And justice banished from our shore
 By the minions of Corruption ;

Behold our wives, who injured are,
 And hear the moans of all the fair;
 Our old men killed, our prisons filled,
 Our dwellings fired, our trade expired,
 Such deeds our patriot-hearts inspired,
 Then let's give them a warm reception."

Then soon a dreadful cannonade
 Was from the British forces played;
 But when come to our pallisade
 They received the American thunder;
 Winged with death our bullets flew,
 It seemed that each its object knew;
 With our good aim no shot was vain,
 The ground we spread with heaps of dead,
 The living in a panic fled,
 Which made those Britons wonder.

But twice again they us attack,
 And twice again we drive them back,
 But too soon powder we did lack,
 Or we'd killed every soldier of Britain,
 At length a cursed unlucky shot,
 Struck WARREN in a vital spot,
 "I fall, cried he, for Liberty,
 I gladly bleed, if we succeed,
 O then my country will soon be freed"—
 Thus died the gallant WARREN.

QUEBEC.

LOUD howled the storm, dark gloomed the night,
 The clouded stars denied their light,
 To those who to the bloody fight,
 Advanced in darkness silently.

No noisy drum alarmed the ear,
 No trumpet broke the silence drear,
 Nor e'en a footstep could you hear,
 As slow they moved, and warily.

Quebec, thy towering ramparts high,
 That night had doomed in flames to lie,
 Had not the terrors of the sky,
 Opposed thy foemen's bravery.

Now dreary silence is no more,
 Earth shakes beneath the cannon's roar,
 The spotless snows are limned with gore,
 And carnage riots horribly.

The gloomy face of murky night,
 Is 'luminated by the streams of light,
 That upwards from the field of fight,
 Gleamed in the black sky fearfully.

Alas! ye brave, your home again
 Ye ne'er shall see—for on the plain
 The flower of your force lies slain,
 And Britain shouts triumphantly.

Ah! whence that loud and piercing yell!
 'Twas Freedom, when her hero fell;
 A bullet winged by fiends of hell,
 Has slain the flower of chivalry.

Though he is doomed to perish here,
 Though humble is the warrior's bier,
 Yet moistened by a soldier's tear,
 His name shall live eternally.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

ON Christmas day, in '76;
 Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
 For Trenton marched away—
 The Delaware see, the boats below,
 The light obscured by hail and snow,
 But no symptoms of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
 That dared to invade fair freedom's land,
 And quarter in that place—
 Great WASHINGTON he led us on,
 With ensigns streaming with renown,
 Which ne'er had known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
 Each soldier panting for the fight,
 Though quite benumbed with frost—
 GREENE on the left, at six began,
 The right was with brave SULLIVAN,
 Who in battle no time lost.

Their Pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
 That rebels risen from the dead,
 Were marching into town—
 Some scampered here, some scampered there,
 And some for action did prepare,
 But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
 With all their colors, guns and tents,
 Were trophies of the day—
 The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
 In centre, front and rear was seen,
 Driving fatigue away.

Now brothers of the patriot bands
 Let's sing our safe deliverance
 From arbitrary sway—
 And as life you know is but a span,
 Let's touch the tankard while we can,
 IN MEMORY OF THE DAY.

CAPTURE OF THE HESSIANS.

Tune,—*Yankee Doodle.*

HISTORIANS to the young relate,
 What many old remember,
 That here the Hessians met their fate,
 The twenty-sixth December.

CHORUS,—Yankee doodle—one and all
 Join in the joyful chorus,
 Let old and young, and great and small
 Revere a day so glorious.

Long had relentless war been waged
 Against our infant nation,
 And famine, fire and sword engaged
 To work our subjugation.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Our Army, naked, famished, faint,
 Outnumbered and defeated,
 From post to post, by dire constraint,
 Indignantly retreated.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

The foe, more fierce and furious grown,
 Like raging wolves pursued them,
 Till safely o'er the Delaware thrown,
 Its patriot waves rescued them.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

There WASHINGTON, with mind serene,
 The mighty plan projected,
 Which shifted suddenly the scene,
 And brighter days reflected.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Collecting all his scattered force
 To deal the deathful blow, sir,
 Towards Trenton back he bends his course,
 To seek the haughty foe, sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

'Tis night, when Delaware's frozen stream,
 Receives the adventurous band, sir,
 And day's first light begins to gleam,
 Before they reach the strand, sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Formed in two columns, on they push,
 Each by a different way, sir ;
 One instant sees both columns rush,
 To rouse the deadly fray, sir.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

The out-guards fly the whizzing storm
 In fearful consternation ;
 Their drowsy comrades hear the alarm,
 In stupid desperation.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

In vain Kniphausen, Rosberg, Rahl,
 Attempt their troops to rally ;
 Back in disorder still they fall,
 Each unsuccessful sally.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

In vain for flight they spread their wings,
 On every side surrounded ;
 Each effort new disaster brings,
 Confusion worse confound'd.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Rahl bites the dust among the slain,
 His followers strew the field, sir,
 Till huddled up on yonder plain,
 The vanquished veterans yield, sir,
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Now through the dark and dreadful cloud
 Which overhung the nation,
 First breaks and brightly beams abroad
 The sun of our salvation.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Then let this day be set apart,
 To gratitude and gladness :
 Let grief be banished every heart,
 Hushed every sound of sadness.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

And while we chant our songs so high
 'Mid joys our Sires obtained us,
 Let's swear to fight, to bleed, to die,
 To guard the Rights they gained us.

CHORUS,——Yankee doodle—one and all
 Join in the joyful chorus,
 Let old and young and great and small,
 Revere a day so glorious.



BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

STERN winter scowled along the plain,
 And ruthless Boreas urged amain
 His fierce impetuous course ;
 In ice the watery regions bound,
 'The torrent's foaming rage confound
 And stop its boisterous force.

While hostile bands their rights invade,
 Columbia's sons in tents were laid,
 And winter's blasts defied :
 No foes appal, no dangers fright,
 Whilst freedom's sacred cause they fight,
 And Washington's their guide.

While slumbers sealed the hero's eyes,
 He saw a godlike form arise,
 Like martial Pallas drest ;
 'Twas LIBERTY, celestial maid !
 In all her golden charms arrayed,
 'The Goddess stood confessed.

My son, she cried, the Gods above,
 Thy country's sacred cause approve,
 And on thy virtues smile ;
 Though proud oppression waste the land,
 Yet freedom purchased by thy hand,
 Shall soon reward thy toil.

Lo ! where Britannia's banners rise,
 In awful pomp and brave the skies,
 Exulting o'er the land ;
 Her haughty legions soon shall feel,
 The force of thine avenging steel,
 And this thy chosen band.

Though veterans compose their train,
 And ten-fold legions fill the plain,
 To martial deeds inured ;
 Undaunted rise and take the field,
 For liberty shall lend her shield
 And victory her sword.

Up rose the chief, at the command,
 And strait convened his faithful band,
 Inspired by freedom's lore ;
 Egyptian darkness veiled the night,
 But liberty's celestial light
 Their footsteps went before.

Where Princeton rears the muses' seat,
 In arms the hostile legions met,
 And fate upheld the scale ;
 Forth rushed the blazing orb of light,
 To add new glories to the sight,
 When freedom's sons assail.

Like Mars Columbia's hero stood ;
 Her haughty foes were drenched in blood,
 Or shunned the doubtful fight ;
 Whilst Britons shame and grief confound,
 Fair liberty the victors crowned
 With honors ever bright.

Henceforth the grateful muse shall twine
 Her annual wreath at Freedom's shrine,
 The hero's brow to grace ;
 By whose victorious arm restored,
 No more she flies the hostile sword,
 But hails her native place.

And still with the revolving year,
 A garland shall the muse prepare,
 To deck her MERCER's urn ;
 While freedom fills the trump of fame,
 Columbia shall revere his name,
 His fate her sons shall mourn.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

REMEMBER the glories of Patriots brave,
 Tho' the days of the Heroes are o'er ;
 Long lost to their country and cold in their grave ;
 They return to their kindred no more.

Those stars of the field, which in victory poured
 Their beams on the battle, are set,
 But enough of their glory remains on each sword
 TO LIGHT US TO VICTORY YET!

Walloodsack! when nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footsteps of slavery there!
 No—Freedom! whose smiles we shall never resign,
 Told those who invaded our plains,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not the chieftain of Hampshire, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side—
 Nor the Heroes who nourished the fields with their blood,
 Nor the rights they secured as they died.
 The sun, that now blesses our eyes with his light,
 Saw the Martyrs of Liberty slain;
 Oh let him not blush when he leaves us to night
 To find that *they fell there in vain!*

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

AS Jack the king's commander,
 Was going to his duty,
 Through all the crowd he smiling bowed,
 To every blooming beauty.

The city rung of feats he'd done,
 In Portugal and Flanders,
 And all the town thought he'd be crowned
 The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton court he first repairs,
 To kiss great George's hand, sir,
 And to harangue o'er state affairs,
 Before he left the land, sir.

The lower house sat mute as mouse,
 To hear his grand oration,
 Whilst all the peers with loudest cheers,
 Proclaimed him through the nation.

Then straight he went to Canada,
 Next to Ticonderoga,
 And leaving those away he goes,
 Straight way to Saratoga.

With grand parade his march he made,
 To gain his wished for station,
 Whilst far and wide his minions bied,
 To spread his proclamation.

To all his ready offers made,
 Of pardon or submission,
 Lest cruel bands should waste the lands,
 Of all in opposition.

But ah ! the cruel fate of war,
 This boasted son of Britain,
 When mounting his triumphal car,
 With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of freedom gathered round,
 Their hostile bands confounded,
 And when they would have turned their backs,
 They saw themselves surrounded.

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
 Their chief, humane and tender,
 To save the rest soon thought it best,
 His forces to surrender.

Thus may America's brave sons,
 With honor be rewarded,
 And be the fate of all our foes,
 The same as here recorded.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BY R. H. ESQ.

Tune,—*The Tempest.*

WHILST in peaceful quarters lying,
 We indulge the glass till late,
 Far remote the thought of dying,
 Hear, my friends, the soldier's fate :
 From the summer's sun hot beaming
 Where yon dust e'en clouds the skies,
 To the plains, where heroes bleeding,
 Shouts and dying groans arise.

Halt ! halt ! halt ! form every rank here
 Mark yon dust that climbs the sky,
 To the front close up the long rear,
 See the enemy is nigh ;
 Platoons march at proper distance,
 Cover close each rank and file,
 They will make a bold resistance,
 Here my lads is gallant toil.

Now all you from downy slumber
 Roused to the soft joys of love,
 Waked to pleasures without number,
 Peace and ease your bosoms prove ;
 Round us roars Bellona's thunder,
 Ah ! how close the iron storm,
 O'er the field wild stalks pale wonder,
 Pass the word, there, forms, lads form,
 To the left display that column,
 Front, halt, dress, be bold and brave,
 Mark in air yon fiery volume,
 Who'd refuse a glorious grave ;
 Ope your boxes, quick, be ready,
 See our light bobs gain the hill,
 Courage boys, be firm and steady,
 Hence each care, each fear lie still.

Now the dismal cannon roaring
 Speaks loud terror to the soul,
 Grape shot winged with death fast pouring,
 Ether rings from pole to pole ;
 See the smook how black and dreary,
 Clouds sulphureous hide the sky,
 Wounded, bloody, fainting, weary ;
 How their groans ascend on high !
 Firm, my lads, who breaks the line thus ?
 Oh ! can brave men ever yield,
 Glorious danger now combines us,
 None but cowards quit the field.
 To the rear each gun dismounted ;
 Close the breach and brisk advance,
 All your former acts recounted,
 This day's merit shall enhance.

Now half choaked with dust and powder,
 Fiercely throbs each bursting vein ;
 Hark ! the din of arms grows louder,
 Ah ! what heaps of heroes slain ;
 See from flank to flank, wide flashing,
 How each volley redds the gloom,
 Hear the trumpet, ah ! what clashing,
 Man and horse now meet their doom ;

Bravely done, each gallant soldier,
 Well sustained this heavy fire ;
 Alexander ne'er was bolder,
 Now by regiments retire.
 See our second line moves on us,
 Ope your columns, give them way,
 Heaven perhaps may smile upon us,
 These may yet regain the day.

Now our second line engaging,
 Charging close, spreads carnage round,
 Fierce revenge and fury raging,
 Angry heroes bite the ground.
 'The souls of brave men here expiring
 Call for vengeance e'en in death,
 Frowning still, the dead, the dying,
 Threaten with their latest breath.
 To the left obliquely flying,
 Oh ! be ready, level well,
 Who could think of e'er retiring,
 See my lads those vollies tell.
 Ah ! by heavens our dragoons flying,
 How the squadrons fill the plain,
 Check them, boys, ye fear not dying,
 Sell your lives, nor fall in vain.

Now our left flank they are turning,
 Carnage is but just begun ;
 Desperate now, 'tis useless mourning,
 Farewel friends, adieu the sun ;
 Fixed to die, we scorn retreating,
 To the shock our breasts oppose,
 Hark the shout, the signal beating,
 See with bayonets they close :
 Front rank charge, the rear make ready,
 Forward march, reserve your fire,
 Now present, fire brisk, be steady,
 March, march, see their lines retire ;
 On their left our light troops dashing,
 Now our dragoons charge the rear,
 Shout ! huzza ! what glorious clashing,
 They run, they run, hence banish fear..

Now the toil and danger's over,
 Dress alike the wounded brave,
 Hope again inspires the lover,
 Old and young forget the grave.,
 Seize the canteen, poise it higher,
 Rest to each brave soul that fell,
 Death for this is ne'er the nigher,
 Welcome mirth, and fear farewell.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Tune,—*Hearts of tempered steel.*

COME all ye hearts of tempered steel,
Come quit your girls and farms,
Your sports, your plays, your holidays,
And hasten to your arms.

And to conquest we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a soldiering we will go.

For a soldier is a gentleman,
His honor is his life,
And he that wont stand to his post,
Will ne'er stand by his wife.

And to conquest, &c.

Since love and honor are the same,
Or are so near allied,
That neither can exist alone,
But flourish side by side,

Then to conquest, &c.

Then farewell sweet-hearts for a while,
Ye pretty girls, adieu!
And when we've drove the British dogs,
We'll kiss it out with you.

And to conquest, &c.

In shady tents, by purling streams,
With hearts both firm and free,
We'll chase the cares of life away,
With songs of LIBERTY.

And to conquest, &c.

No foreign power shall make us slaves,
No British tyrant reign,
'Twas independence made us free,
And freedom we'll maintain.

And to conquest, &c.

We'll charge the foe from post to post,
Attack their walls and lines,
And by some wiles and stratagems,
We'll make them all Burgoynes.

And to conquest, &c.

And when the war is over, boys,
We'll set us down at ease,
We'll plow, we'll sow, we'll reap, we'll mow,
And do just as we please.

And to conquest, &c.

The rising world will talk of us,
 A thousand years to come,
 And children to their children tell,
 What wonders we have done.
 And to conquest, &c.

Then honest fellows here's my hand,
 My very heart and soul,
 Be ours the JOYS of LIBERTY,
 Good FORTUNE and the BOWL.
 And to conquest we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
 And a soldiering we will go.

How stands the Glass around.

HOW stands the glass around ?
 For shame ye take no care, my boys,
 Howstands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colors they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why ?
 Should we be melancholy, boys !
 Why, soldiers, why ?
 Whose business 'tis to die !
 What, sighing ? fie !
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys !
 'Tis he, you or I !
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain, —
 I mean not to upbraid you boys, —
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain :
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain !
 But if we remain.
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

INVOCATION TO COLUMBIA.

Tune,—*Darley's.*

SOUL of Columbia, quenchless spirit come,
 Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky,
 Bind on thy war-ropes, beat the furious drum,
 Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire thy eagle eye.
 Dost thou not hear the hum of gathering war ;
 Dost thou not know
 The insidious foe
 Yokes her gaunt wolves, and mounts her midnight car.

Dost thou not hear thy tortured seamen's cries,
 Poor hapless souls in British dungeons laid ;
 Toward thee they turn their dim imploring eyes :
 Alas ! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.
 Thou dost, and every son of thine
 Shall rest in guilty peace no more,
 With noble rage they pant to join,
 The conflict's beat, the battle's roar.
 Rouse to the tempest, let thy banners fly,
 Rouse, rouse thy lion heart, and fire thy eagle eye.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

HOW blest the life a soldier leads,
 From town to country ranging,
 For as the halt, the march succeeds,
 Our toil delights by changing.
 Though cannons roar along the field,
 And comrades bleed beside us,
 Our hearts are like our bayonets steeled,
 These dangers never fright us.

Should fresh troubles come, we'll take sword and gun,
 If the enemy attack, we'll not heed 'em,
 But prime, load and fire, and charge as they come nigher,
 'Twas the way our brother soldiers gained their freedom.

Our country's call we will obey,
 'Tis what we take delight in ;
 Although we're snug at home to-day,
 To-morrow we may be fighting.
 Should foreign troops invade our land,
 We'll welcome them on shore, sir ;
 Americans they can't withstand ;
 They well knew this before, sir.

The drum beats alarms, we appear with our arms,
 Though the enemy advance we'll not heed 'em ;
 We'll march till we meet, then, we'll make them retreat.
 'Tis the way we'll support the cause of freedom.

Returning home with cheerful hearts,
 Our friends delighted greet us ;
 Presenting us with flowing bowls,
 The pretty lasses meet us ;
 Their smiles, my lads, drive off dull care,
 And banish every sorrow ;
 We'll drink, and dance, and laugh and sing,
 And take our rest to-morrow.
 Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
 May we have our arms and courage when we need 'em,
 To prime, load, and fire—so we'll raise our fame still higher,
 And support our constitution, and our freedom.



THE INVITATION.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Hasten to arms and form the line,
 That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.—Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly and united,
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.

Columbia, when the Eagle's roused,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Will always find her sons disposed
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Hearts of oak around our coast,
 Pour your naval thunder,
 While on shore a mighty host
 Shall strike the world with wonder.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Haste to Quebec's tow'ring walls
 Through the British regions,
 Hark ! Montgomery's spirit calls ;
 Drive the hostile legions.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Honor for the brave to share,
 Is the noblest booty,
 Guard your rights, protect the fair,
 For that's a soldier's duty.
 Beat the drum, &c.

Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 Tell to Britain and to France,
 That we to fear are strangers.
CHORUS.—Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly and united,
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.



A SOLDIER'S ADVICE.

COMRADES!—Follow my advice,
 Learn with skill to draw a trigger ;
 Awkward men are weak as mice,
 Dextrous men beat two men bigger !
 Science in war conducts to fame :
 MINERVA wins **BELLONA'S** game.

Clumsy ramparts rose at *first*
 Foiling captains brave and witty :
Ramparts now explode in dust ;
 Miners take the strongest city.
 Science in war conducts to fame :
 Minerva wins Bellona's game.

An ignorant soldier plays the *dolt*,
 A veteran doubts *his* upper story,
 In battle smiles to see him bolt ;
 Tactics lead the brave to glory !
 Science in war conducts to fame :—
 Minerva wins Bellona's game.

Courage may be very fine,
STEEL is tough, though not a hatchet ;
 Give it **SHAPE** and **EDGE** to shine,
 Clumsy mallets never match it.
 Science in war conducts to fame :—
 Minerva wins Belloaa's game.

Martial science would you know ?
 Mind your leader—hold your prattle ;
 Discipline must guide the blow
 That decides your country's battle.
 Science in war conducts to fame :
 Minerva wins Bellona's game.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

HOW glorious the death for our country to die,
 When vanquished, when fallen, are her foes ;
 On victory's soft bosom the hero shall lie,
 And sink in her arms to repose !

'Ho' low in the dust his proud spirit expires,
 The dust by his bleeding form pressed ;
 'Tis glory his soul's last emotion that fires,
 And beats the last throb of his breast.

Immortal shall bloom each bright wreath of his fame,
 'Tis valor's illustrious meed ;
 Lispering infants shall sigh as they murmur his name,
 And learn for their country to bleed.

With tears shall fond beauty his ashes bedew,
 And breathe a soft sigh o'er his breast ;
 Shall seek the first roses his grave to bestrew,
 And guard the lone spot of his rest.

Hence ! cowards ! who wake not to freedom's loud call !
 Hence ! seek an inglorious grave !
 Those only who dare for their country to fall—
 Those only shall sleep with the brave !

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY T. G. FESSENDEN, ESQ.

WHEN cannons roar, when bullets fly,
 And shouts and groans affright the sky,
 Amid the battle's dire alarms,
 I'll think, my Mary, on thy charms.
 The crimson field, fresh proof shall yield,
 Of thy fond soldier's love ;
 And thy dear form, in battle's storm,
 His guardian angel prove.

Should dangers thicken all around,
 And dying warriors strew the ground—
 In varied shapes should death appear,
 Thy fancied form my soul shall cheer.
 The crimson field, &c.

And when loud cannons cease to roar,
 And when the din of battle's o'er,
 When safe returned from war's alarms,
 O then I'll feast on Mary's charms.
 In ecstasy, I'll fly to thee—
 My ardent passion prove :
 Left glory's field, my life I'll yield,
 To all the joys of love.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

TOO soon, my dear Sophia, pray take this kind adieu,
 Oh! love, thy pains how bitter, thy joys how short, how few ;
 No more those eyes so killing, that gentle glance repeat,
 Nor bosom gently swelling, with love's soft tumults beat.

Two passions strongly pleading, my doleful heart divide,
 Lo! there's my country bleeding, and here's my weeping bride,
 But know thy faithful lover, can true to either prove,
 War fires my veins all over, while every pulse beats love.

I go where glory leads me, or points the dangerous way,
 Though coward love upbraids me, yet honor bids obey,
 But honor's boasting stories, too oft thy swain reprove,
 And whisper fame with glory, ah! what is that to love.

Then think where'er I wander, through parts by sea or land,
 No distant heart can sunder, what mutual love has joined,
 Kind heaven the brave requiting, shall safe thy swain restore,
 And raptures crown the meeting, that love ne'er felt before.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

THE trumpet sounds, my country calls,
 A hostile band her shores invade ;
 I go to brave their cannon balls,
 And dye, in blood, my battle blade !

O Mary ! gentle and sincere,
Weep not, I pray, when thus we part ;
Wipe from your eye the tender tear,
And banish sorrow from your heart.

*For should I, coward like, await
The foe's approach in martial pride,
And see him force our farm-house gate,
With lust and rapine by his side—

I could not bear the keen rebuke
Thy screams would speak in that dread hour ;
I could not bear thy helpless look
When struggling with their ruffian power.

No ! bring my war-horse—I'll away,
And meet the invaders on the strand ;
And they shall surely rue the day
They dared upon our coast to land.

O ! there will be a gallant host
Of freedom's sons arrayed in fight,
And I will seek the bloodiest post,
And combat with a giant's might.

But weep not, Mary, if I fall,
Nor leave thy bosom with a sigh ;
"Death is the common lot of all,"
'Tis for MY COUNTRY I shall die.

And teach our little darling boy,
That life is not with slavery wed
Teach him to yield it up with joy,
At freedom's call on honor's bed.

Tell him 'twas thus our heroes fought ;
And, Mary, be thou sure to tell
Our little one, that thus he ought
To fight—for thus his father fell !

TO THE VOLUNTEER.

GO, friend of my bosom, the trumpet's shrill cry,
Has summoned the soldier to arms ;
With patriot valor each bosom beats high,
And freedom her votaries warms.

Shall I, while my country is bleeding, recline
 On the bosom of indolent ease!
 No, no ; in her cause, even thee I resign,
 Though nought but thy presence can please.

Go, dearer than life to thy Caroline's heart,
 The din of the battle's begun ;
 Go, share in each danger a valorous part,
 And fight till the victory is won.

The cherub of safety before thee shall fly,
 And shelter the brave with her wing ;
 And mercy shall guard thee when danger is nigh,
 And thee to my bosom shall bring.

And think not, dear youth, for thy absence I'll moan,
 Or weep when I bid thee adieu ;
 I'll twine the bright chaplet to greet thy return,
 And live, dearest soldier, for you.

Thy country has called thee, the mandate obey,
 Oh ! snatch not another adieu ;
 The tear I'll suppress—gallant soldier, away !
 I live for my country and you.

THE PARTING.

THE moon was fresh, and pure the gale,
 When Mary from her cot a rover,
 Plucked many a wild rose from the vale,
 To bind the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she strayed,
 Where birds of love were ever pairing,
 She saw her William in the shade,
 The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seized his hand, and ah ! she cried,
 Wilt thou, to war and camps a stranger,
 Desert thy faithful Mary's side,
 And bare thy life to every danger !

Yet go, brave youth ! to arms away !
 My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
 And when the drum beats far away,
 I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee.

The bugles through the forest wind,
 The woodland soldiers call to battle,
 Be some protecting angel kind,
 And guard thy life when cannons rattle.

She said—and as the rose appears,
 In sun-shine when the storm is over,
 A smile beamed sweetly through her tears,
 The blush of promise to her lover.



DEATH SONG.

FAREWEL thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun ;
 Farewel love and friendship ye dear tender ties ;
 Our race of existence is run ;

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave ;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know
 No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strikest the poor peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
 Thou strikest the young hero—a glorious mark,
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In fields of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
 Our Freedom and country to save—
 While victory shines on life's ebbing sands,
 O ! who would not die with the brave ?



TO THE BRAVE.

HARK ! the drum—the bugle sounds !
 Rouse to arms ye spirits brave !
 Hark—the warning notes resound ;
 See, the signal banners wave !

Hearts that feel, and breasts that glow,
 'Tis your country bids you rise ;
 Yours the glory—yours the foe—
 Raise your eagle to the skies !

Yes! no more by cobwebs bound,
 Shall her wings be vainly spread;
 She shall scorn to creep the ground;
 She shall now exalt her head!

Proudly she ascends the sky,
 In a blaze of wrath renewed;
 Shall her shafts surcease to fly,
 Till her foes are all subdued?

Lightning from her eye shall dart,
 Sweeping o'er the swelling flood,
 She shall pierce the Lion's heart—
 She shall drink the bullock's blood!

Freemen! on the briny waves,
 Where we've suffered much and long;
 Where our brethren groan as slaves—
 There will we avenge the wrong.

Heroes! on the blood stained soil,
 Where our fathers fought of old;
 There will we renew the toil—
 There erect the standard bold!

Lo! its banners now appear!
 To that standard then repair;
 Far away be dastard fear;
 Form a breasted bulwark there!

For our sweethearts—children—wives,
 Let us rally in our might;
 For our liberty and lives,
 Let us join the glorious fight!

Is there one—a milky heart,
 Curdling at the thought of death;
 Shrinking from a valiant part,
 To prolong a puny breath?

Go, then, coward! slave, retire;
 Thou shall forfeit virtue's smile;
 Cold contempt—unblest desire,
 Shall reward inglorious toil!

Hearts that beat at honor's call,
 Feeling for your country's woe—
 Join the contest, one and all;
 Hurl your thunders on the foe!

Like a mighty torrent roll,
 Waters which combine their force—
 Who shall then the wrath control!
 Can the feeble stem its course?

O! the laurels that are spread
 O'er the fallen hero's grave;
 And the tears by virtue shed,
 In remembrance of the brave!

O! for beauty's virgin smile,
 Which returning victors meet!
 Sacred wreaths for glorious toil!
 These are inspirations sweet;

Sons of Freedom! march away!
 Valor pants with every breath—
 Burns impatient for the fray;
 Now for VICTORY or DEATH!

THE SUMMONS.

THE *tocsin* has sounded—the bugle has blown,
 And rapid as lightning the rumor has flown,
 That prepared to defend our Heaven-blessed soil,
 Our country to save and proud tyrants to foil.
 We submit without murmur to danger and toil.

Haste thee, Warrior, haste!—it is thy country's call,
 Let no doubt, no regret, thy courage appal;
 Hark! the ear-piercing sife and the harsh-rolling drum,
 Whilst they thrill through thine ears, to thy *heart* they cry
 “come,”
 And compel thee to leave thy ever-dear *home*.

What magic's contained in that dear little name,
 Than conquest much sweeter, much brighter than fame!
 Yes! that dear little spot! ever green in his mind,
 The soldier no truer inducement need find,
 Than to *think* that he *conquers* for those left *behind*.

The *war-whoop* is LIBERTY. Speak, Warrior, speak!
 What blanches the hue on thy sun-embrowned cheek?
 Is it *fear*?—Blast the thought, the proud Veteran cries;
 Ah! look at that female, whose heart-rending sighs
 Drive the hue from my cheek and the tear from mine eyes.

Noble Warrior, yes! we allow thy appeal,
 And believe thee more *brave*, as we see thou canst *feel*;
 Cheer up, tender heart, cease the mandate to mourn,
 Crowned with laurels thy soldier again will return,
 And the flame of his GLORY still brighter shall burn!

REMEMBER ME.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

GO where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh ! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh ! then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be.
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O ! then remember me.

When at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh ! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wore them,
Her who made thee love them,
O ! then remember me.

When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying
O ! then remember me.
And, at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
Oh ! still remember me.

Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee,
Should recollection bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,
O ! then remember me.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

SOLDIER, hear that solemn call !
 No true heart it can appal ;
Honor bids you take the field—
 To her dictates only yield !

Who is he so base to pause
 In his country's sacred cause ?
 'Twas not so your fathers fought,
 'Twas not thus their sons they taught !

Hark ! your sires—" Go, go my son,
 " Go where *Glory* may be won,
 " Seek it in the embattled plain,
 " *Fight*, nay *DIE* the palm to gain."

By the pride of ancient days—
 By the Hero's well won praise—
 By your country's dearest right—
 Soldier—Soldier—dare the fight !

By the Patriots now at rest
 (In their country's praises blest)
 By your WASHINGTON's dread might,
 Soldier—Soldier—dare the fight !

Europe's tigers, red with blood,
 Like an overwhelming flood,
 On our peaceful, blissful shore,
 Would the tide of ruin pour !

'Tis a *common* cause we try,
 'Tis *Honor—Fame*, and *Liberty* !
 'Tis *Life*, 'tis *Home*, and all things dear—
 God of Hosts, in mercy hear !

See your Western Brethren bleed,
 British gold has done the deed ;
 Child and Mother, Son and Sire,
 Beneath the tomahawk expire.

Soldier, Life is but a day,
 Transient as the sunny ray—
 Would you fill a coward's grave,
 This evanescent good to save !

Yet 'midst battle's wild alarms,
 'Midst the clattering din of arms,
 Let *Pity* move—let *Mercy* spare—
 'Tis thy Brother meets thee there.

Nor comes he there thy foe by choice—
 Listen then to *Mercy's* voice!
 Cherish love's benignant glow,
 'Midst the scenes of *death* and *woe*.

He who sees a sparrow fall,
 Sees thee prompt at duty's call—
 He who numbers every hair,
 God of Battles, guards thee there—
 'Till Victory, espousing Peace,
 Shall bid contending armies cease!

IERNE'S SONS.

WAR, demon of destruction fell,
 Now mounts his iron rapid car,
 Invoking with infernal yell,
 His furious powers from afar;
 Go, bid the bolts of carnage roar
 Tremendous on *Columbia's* shore.

Lo! *Erin's* sons reply,
Ierne's sons thy menace scorn,
Ierne's dauntless sons are born
 To conquer or to die.

Hark! hark! the murdering cannons roar,
 The trumpet rouses all to arms—
 Arise, ye brave of *Erin's* shore,
 Arise and meet fell war's alarms:
 Let every breast with valor glow,
 And bravely meet the common foe,
 See, see the Britons nigh;
Columbia calls—the foe despise—
 My darling sons, arise arise,
 To conquer or to die.

Mark, how the ensanguined plains along,
 With fury beaming from their eyes,
 Thy sons, O *Erin*, gladly throng,
 While shouts of glory rend the skies.
 Their trusty rifles poised in air,
 Well polished on their shoulders glare,
 And august banners fly—
 Now smoke deprives the day of light,
 Thy heroes nobly close the fight,
 To conquer or to die.

See ! how they glare with martial pride,
 While jarring peals assail their ear ;
 No more the haughty foes deride,
Ierne's heroes, void of fear—
 But gasping 'midst huge heaps of slain,
 Inglorious fall upon the plain,
 Or for protection fly—
 See ! how they rush with shrieks of woe ;
 See ! how the brave pursue their foe,
 To conquer or to die.

Thy heroes now with victory bound,
 And shouts of glory meet the sky,
 O ! let thy hills and vales resound
 The Patriots' dirge who nobly die—
Columbia soothe their noble breast,
 And fondly sink them into rest ;
 For you they bleeding lie ;
 They fought, big with pure *freedom's* love,
 And for thy GLORY fighting, strove
 'To CONQUER or to DIE !

INCENTIVES TO VALOR.

SONS of valor ! Fathers hoary !
 Ye who boast *Columbia's* name,
 Rise to deeds of war and glory,
 Rise, avenge our injured fame !

Happy land ! by heaven protected !
 Sweet assylum of the oppressed ;
 Here liberty her throne erected,
 Here Science, Virtue, Freedom rest.

But see the fiends of hostile nations
 Raise the bloody flag on high ;
 Haste—repel their bold invasions,
 And their menaces defy.

See the angel Mercy, bending
 O'er your wives and children dear,
 In a cloud of love descending,
 Smiling—wipes the falling tear.

Hear unborn millions shout your praises,
 While echo catches at the sound,
 And fame her silver clarion raises,
 'Till distant kingdoms loud resound.

Daughters of immortal story,
 Ye who boast Columbia's name,
 Oh! inspire the love of glory,
 And record your heroes' fame!

FREEDOM'S CLARION.

AROUSE, Freedom's sons, 'tis your country that calls,
 Her ensigns wave high in the air :
 Hark! the deep sounding drum, which the coward appals,
 And the clarion our fiats declare ;
 Each tone doth proclaim, that our rights we'll maintain :
 No invader we dread, to retreat we disdain !
 Let the drum beat to arms,
 Let our loved country call ;
 We despise War's alarms,
 For our Freedom's our ALL.

When right is infringed, where's the dastardly band
 Who would bend to a tyrant's decree ?
 The Ægis of Justice waves over our land,
 Our motto is, 'die or live free !'
 The blood of our brethren has tinged the green wave,
 And speaks, loudly speaks, to the heart of the brave.
 Let the drum beat to arms, &c.

Tremble tyrants, when freemen unsheath the bright blade,
 For justice supports their high claim ;
 Honor points the bright path, and with hearts undismayed,
 They joy in the patriot's name :
 They fight for their country, religion, and laws,
 Their wives, sweethearts, children, bow glorious the cause.
 Let the drum beat to arms, &c.

Ah! hero departed, were thou at our head,
 To form the deep column or line,
 Who our troops so victorious to glory still led,
 In vain would proud despots design :
 But hark! Freedom's clarion doth loudly proclaim,
 I have sons in reserve, high exalted in fame.
 Let the drum beat to arms, &c.

Yet Peace is our choice, we would joy to embrace,
 And bind in Philanthropy's chain,
 Our brethren, our sisters, the whole human race,
 And treat none with haughty disdain ;

But should tyrants invade us, we know how to stand,
And form the deep line, at the word of command.

Let the drum beat to arms,
From Columbia's shore,
We will beat them again,
As we beat them before.

TO PATRIOTIC AMERICANS.

AWAKE, Awake! to glory wake;
The din of battle calls,
A nation's wrongs, your slumbers break,
Columbia *lives—or falls!*
Ye *freeborn spirits*, take the field,
Your country's wrongs redress,
Your country's rights, with glory shield
Your country's fears repress.

A haughty foe invades your rights,
And triumphs in your spoil;
She glories in her base exploits,
And fattens on your toil:
Your commerce withers on the main,
Your sons in slavery groan,
Your brothers' blood, your harbor stains,
Your childless mothers mourn.

Here *secret spies*, infest your land,
Enkindling discord's flame;
Combining with a venal band
To crush our legal frame:
To arm the sire against the son,
The son against the sire!
To cause a brother's blood to run
To quench a brother's ire.

The lurking savage yells for prey,
Along the western wild;
The hunter's track is watched by day,
By night his sleep beguiled:
His blazing cottage lights the gloom,
His infants shriek the alarm,
His wife sinks lifeless in a swoon,
Or bleeds within his arms.

“ O God! wilt thou not judge” our foes!
 And let thy wrath descend;
 Avenge an injured people’s woes,
 Their righteous cause defend:
 Inspire *our sons* to take the field,
 Their country’s wrongs redress,
 Their country’s rights with glory shield,
 Their country’s fears repress.

Lives there a *wretch* who would not fight!
 A *miscreant* who would fly?
 A *dastard* who would yield his right?
 Or grudge to freely die?
 When wrongs, and insults croud his sight,
 And sicken on his heart;
 When *power* gives law, and *interest* right,
 And *truth* means only art.

THE PATRIOT’S ADIEU.

ADIEU! adieu! my only life,
 My country calls me from thee;
 Remember thou’rt a patriot’s wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee;
 What though by duty I am called,
 Where tyrant’s cannons rattle,
 Where valor’s self might stand appalled,
 Still on the wings of thy dear love,
 To Heaven above
 Thy tender orisons are flown,
 The fervent prayer
 Thou putest up there,
 Shall call a guardian Angel down,
 To watch me in the battle!

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving;
 Let perils come, let horrors threat,
 Let tyrant’s cannons rattle,
 I’ll dauntless brave the conflict’s heat,
 Assured that on the wings of love, &c.

Enough—with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred God inspired thee;
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wondered and admired thee!

I go in Freedom's righteous cause,
 Where Despot's cannons rattle ;
 For equal rights, and equal laws !
 Assured that on the wings of love, &c.

O ! Liberty, sweet maid, descend ;
 A patriot seeks thy glory ;
 Do thou the RIGHTS of MAN defend
 'Gainst party—WHIG or TORY ;
 In thy just cause the HERO fights,
 Though tyrants league in battle,
 For equal laws, and equal rights,
 And should fair Freedom bless this land,
 We'll firmly stand,
 No tyranny shall then be known !
 But gentle peace,
 Our joys increase,
 The Goddess shall herself come down,
 And stop the cannon's rattle !

THE AMERICAN STAR.

COME, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are howling,
 Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,
 The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
 Soft Peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away ;
 The infants affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
 The youth grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,
 While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers, and brothers,
 Who rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
 The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar ;
 No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
 No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore :
 Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left weeping,
 Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair !
 Oh no ! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
 And waves to the brave, the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
 Look down from their clouds, with bright aspect serene ;
 Come soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
 Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been ;
 To us the high boon by the gods have been granted,
 To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far ;
 Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
 And conquer or die by the American Star.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, round Liberty's altar,
 United, we swear by the souls of the brave!
 Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
 To live independent, or sink to the grave!
 Then freemen fill up—Lo! the striped banners flying,
 The high bird of Liberty screams through the air,
 Beneath her Oppression and Tyranny dying—
 Success to the beaming American Star.



THE HUMORS OF MEN.

Tune,—*Humors of Glen.*

BE firm, O Columbians—along the Atlantic,
 Is heard the war trump, with the cannon's loud roar;
 The tyrant of Britain, again become frantic,
 Insidious approaches your peaceable shore:
 Let him boast his proud navy and brag of its number,
 His Nelsons, his Vincents, his Duncans—what then?
 Let them come, they will find us, but not in our slumber—
 We'll teach them our humors—the humors of men.

They may steal on the Dane, unsuspecting—to plunder,
 And take, just in friendship, his ships and his store,
 Kill some women and children to make the world wonder:
 Perhaps they'll come here the same thing to encore—
 They may send us a posie of sweet scented *Roses*,
 To lull our keen smelling again and again—
 Their sweets will not take with our true Yankee noses,
 They may think us old women, they'll find we are men.

Then raise freedom's banners, and hurl them defiance,
 Who'd shrink from the contest in Liberty's cause?
 We dread not their threats, and despise their alliance,
 Great MADISON's wisdom dispenses our laws.
 Then rouse to the combat, each man seize his rifle,
 The sword be our weapon instead of the pen;
 Let them dread how with freemen hereafter they trifle;
 Well give them a touch of the humors of men.



HOME.

LET the trumpet of war be heard from afar,
 And the thundering cannon's alarms;
 Let the vallies around with their echoes resound,
 And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood run down like a flood,
 While mortals lie gasping for breath;
 Let the brave if they will, by their valor and skill,
 Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live safe and retire is all I desire,
 Of my farm and Lucinda possest,
 For in these I obtain true peace void of pain,
 And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

THE ANSWER.

WHEN commotions arise, and frowns of the skies
 Bring nation with nation to fight;
 Let the brave and the wise in their glory arise,
 And contend for the land and their right.

Though riches have charms, the impulse that warms
 The hearts of the brave and the bold,
 Exceeds it as far, as the sun the weak star,
 Or as Virtue o'erbalances Gold.

Though my farm and my wife, are sweetners of life,
 To defend them is more than to gain;
 'Tis the honor and lives of our sweethearts and wives,
 That impels us to arms on the plain.

Be the land and the sea the mart of the free,
 And for this let the sword and the shield,
 Though a world should oppose, be presented to foes,
 For the cause will secure us the field.

Why should danger and death, though faced in each breath,
 Any soldier of virtue appal?
 He's a friend in the sky, guides the shafts as they fly,
 Points the sword, and directeth the ball.

Not a breath, not a hair, evadeth his care,
 Nor a sparrow that falls to the ground!
 To despond or distrust is to doubt that he's just;
 And to question his prescience profound.

THE VOICE OF AMERICA.

HARK! the peal for war is rung ;
Hark! the song for battle's sung :
Firm be every bosom strung,
And every soldier ready.

Heavens! shall the trump of clamorous fame,
Through the wide world, our wrongs proclaim,
Our boasted liberties, a name,
The mockery of nations.

Shall menial slaves pretend to scan,
The sacred, Heaven-descended plan,
Built on the eternal rights of man,
The freedom of the ocean?

No, by the souls of millions, no!
We'll strike their proud pretensions low ;
Blow the war trump, loudly blow,
And summon all the nation.

On every hill, on every plain,
From Mississippi to the Main,
Your eagle standard plant again,
And buckle on your armor!

Who will desert his country's cause ?
Our rights, our altars, and our laws,
Eternal fame, the world's applause,
And glory of the nation ?

By murdered Pierce, the Chesapeake fray,
By many a foul, disgraceful day,
Away, my gallant souls away,
To vengeance and to victory !

On to Quebec's embattled halls !
Who will pause when glory calls ?
Charge, soldiers, charge, its lofty walls,
And storm its strong artillery.

Firm as our native hills, we'll stand,
And should the lords of Europe land,
We'll meet them on the farthest strand,
We'll conquer or we'll die.

Now let the song united rise,
Wide as our realms its spirit flies,
To heroes in the eternal skies,
To Washington in Heaven.

SOLDIERS OF COLUMBIA.

YE Soldiers of COLUMBIA,
 Who guard the sacred cause,
 The freedom of your native land,
 Its altars and its laws ;
 Unfurl your eagle-flag again,
 To meet your ancient foe !
 And stand, sword in hand,
 When the battle-storm shall blow ;
 When the tempest rages through the land,
 And the battle-storm shall blow.

Sound, sound, the trump of vengeance,
 The combat has begun !
 Tis Freedom bids you march away,
 And glory leads you on !
 Where MONTGOMERY nobly bled,
 We'll drive the flying foe ;
 And Fame, shall proclaim,
 When the battle storm shall blow,
 The pride and splendor of your name,
 When the battle storm shall blow.

COLUMBIA needs no navies,
 No bulwark but the sea ;
 Her strength is in a million hearts,
 Determined to be free :
 With the mountain-arm of Freedom,
 We'll crush the haughty foe,
 As they pour to our shore,
 When the battle storm shall blow,
 When the clanging trumpet sounds the charge,
 And the battle storm shall blow.

Wave ! Wave ! my gallant heroes,
 Your banners to the sky !
 And every man, march on, resolved
 To conquer or to die !
 The spirit of great WASHINGTON,
 Shall lead us to the foe ;
 And glory, in her story,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 Your names the world through shall resound,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When peace shall from the heavens descend,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

COLUMBIANS, rouse to glory,
 The trump of WAR alarms,
 Around the tree of Liberty,
 Come buckle on your arms—
 Defend the glorious heritage
 Your fathers' valor won,
 So shall fame, crown each name,
 When the day of battle's done.

Long has our country's vengeance,
 In mild forbearance slept,
 While free-born sons of Liberty
 In bloody bondage wept—
 Let now, since peace in WAR must cease,
 Your valor teach the foe,
 Whilst their blood swells the flood,
 That 'tis VENGEANCE strikes the blow.

The haughty fleets of Britain
 Assailed your native shore,
 Around each bay to seek for prey,
 Their thundering cannons roar.
 But RODGERS and DECATUR soon
 Their daring crest shall lower—
 O'er their slain on the main,
 Shall COLUMBIA's EAGLE soar.

Soon on the *plains of Abraham*
 Our hardy sons shall rear,
 The banner free of liberty,
 To haughty Britain's fear ;
 Nor will they quit the glorious field,
 'Till laurels nobly deck
 Every head, quick or dead,
 Of the CONQUERORS OF QUEBEC.

COLUMBIANS love their liberty,
 Their country and their God,
 No kingly power shall make them cower,
 They dread no tyrant's nod ;
 Their happy country's destiny
 Is, EVER TO BE FREE.
 And they'll fight for every RIGHT,
 For their LAND and LIBERTY.

Then rouse, Columbians, rush to arms!
 Obey your country's call;
 Your motto, "Death or Victory!"
 Live gloriously or fall—
 Preserve the precious heritage,
 Your fathers' valor won,
 So shall fame crown each name,
 When the day of battle's done.



THE SOLDIER'S CALL.

'Tune,—*The Soldier's Return.*

ROUSE, rouse, ye brave, ye gallant souls,
 Who cherish independence,
 That country you so dearly love,
 Demands your quick attendance:
 Injured, insulted, she has been,
 By Britain—haughty nation;
 Then haste to arms, for honor calls,
 Aloud for reparation.

Remember your forefathers bold,
 For freedom who contended,
 Who nobly dear Columbia's cause,
 With their best blood defended;
 O! do not sully their fair fame:
 O tarnish not their glories,
 Discard the deeds, despise the name
 And actions of old tories.

In infant days Columbia bore,
 The storms of war unmoved,
 For a tyrant's wrath and deep designs,
 More than a match she proved;
 O! who can think upon those times,
 Nor feel his bosom glowing,
 Nor feel sensations, sweet, sublime,
 His patriot heart o'erflowing.

And if in infancy she foiled
 The plans of wild ambition,
 To her united youthful might
 Vain will be opposition:
 In Him who rules the host of heaven,
 Her hope, her stay and trust is,
 He will with victory crown the cause
 Of Liberty and justice.

Too long has our loved country sought
 By mild negotiation,
 To have her rights restored in peace,
 For wrongs, some compensation.
 But patience hitherto has made,
 Her claims be more neglected,
 The last resort, then must be tried,
 She then may be respected.

Though war we never do desire,
 We do not dread its terrors,
 Columbia's thunder shall once more,
 Shew kingcraft all its errors.
 Her volunteers will rally round,
 The starry flag of Freedom,
 Nor shall Québec arrest their march,
 If Heroes only lead 'em.

Then beat the drum—the trumpet sound,
 And let the cannon rattle,
 Gird on your swords, your muskets seize,
 Be all prepared for battle;
 Go forth to conquer or to die,
 The cause is good, is glorious,
 And sacred Union will ensure,
 The final end victorious.

THE GIRL THAT HE LOVES.

WHAT nerves the soldier, when danger surrounding
 Scowls o'er the field that his valor must win?
 What cheers his heart when the war-note resounding,
 Swells with the signal of battle's loud din?

'Tis a sweet charm that, while homeward still bending,
 Fancy presents, and his dangers removes—

'Tis a fond prayer, then in silence ascending,
 Warm from the heart of the girl that he loves.

What to his hope is the pleasure that's nearest,
 Safety and Victory crowning his toil?

'Tis to behold on the cheek of his dearest,
 Sorrows bewailing dispersed with a smile!

While the green laurel his country is weaving,
 Dear to his heart, though the joy that it proves!
 Dearer, far dearer, the tender thanksgiving,
 Breathed from the lip of the girl that he loves!

LOVE AND DUTY.

WHILE I fold in my arms the dear girl of my heart,
 And wipe those soft tears off that silently flow :
 O ! think not, my love, but I feel thus to part,
 Can those tears be forgotten ?—No, my love, no.

Both duty and honor call me from home ;
 Impressed with thy image all joys I forego ;
 My heart my dear girl, from thee never shall roam,
 Nor will I forget thee—No, my love, no.

These dear little pledges of conjugal love,
 Will keep in remembrance thy sorrow and woe,
 To ease thy sad mind, seek aid from above,
 You'll not be forgotten—No, my love, no.

Soon shall I return with a heart warm and kind,
 No more then to part, nor tears more to flow,
 With rapture, delight in thy true virtuous mind,
 And never more leave thee—No, my dear, no.

 “ ARM, ARM AND OUT ! ”

SHAKESPEARE.

YE sons of Freedom ! to the field repair,
 And all the dangers of the tempest dare—
 Bright, from the scabbard bid the sabre leap !
 From north to south thy banners broad unfurl ;
 O'er Abraham's plains re-echoing thunders hurl,
 And flash thy vollied lightnings on the deep.

Arm, freemen, arm ! will you, who from your shore
 Exiled the Saxon satellite before,
 Will you, again, his influence own,
 And bend obeisant at a tyrant's throne !
 Vassals to him ! Shall this become your lot
 And freedom's sacred charter be forgot ?

—I'd rather, torn from competence and home,
 Eat the vile scrap, solicitude obtains :
 Cold, through Kamtschatka's frozen regions roam,
 Where veiled in night, eternal winter reigns,
 Than see my country to injustice cower,
 And own the mandate of a despot's power—

Arm, Freemen arm ! delusion's veil is rent—
Ho, every gallant spirit to his tent !

Ho, from the vale, the mountain, and the brake !

Let none from duty's impositions swerve—

Brace to its firmest tension every nerve !

Bid all thy slumbering energies awake !

Basks there a man in freedom's light,

Who would refuse for *liberty* to fight ?

His country, fame and character at stake !

—Place me amid Siberian deserts, where

Caved in eternal snow Samoides dwell ;

'Mid Afric's scorching sand, and fœtid air,

Or where dread Upas darts her venom fell,

Yet would my heart, to patriotism true,

Breathe its last sigh O liberty, for you !

Arm, Freemen, arm !—loud sounds the trump of war ;

The clang of conflict rends yon eastern sky—

Bellona hither plies her crimson car !

Lo, Heroes press to conquer, or to die—

“ Arm, arm and out ? ” obtain yourselves a *name*,

And live immortal, in the rolls of fame !

So, when of old the tyrant Xerxes rose,

And pressed Athenæ with unnumbered foes,

Elate, to arms her generous children flew !

The burnished spear, and ponderous truncheon drew ;

The host barbaric, sought with eager eye,

Alone intent to conquer or to die—

While the pale despot—struck with terror *fled* !

And left his legions numbered with the dead.

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

AWAKE ! awake ! my gallant friends :

To arms ! to arms ! the foe is nigh ;

The centinel his warning sends ;

And, hark ! the treacherous savage cry.

Awake ! to arms ! the word goes round ;

The drum's deep roll, the fife's shrill sound,

The trumpet's blasts proclaim through night

An Indian band, a bloody fight.

O haste thee, *Baen* ! alas ! too late :

A red chief's arm now aims the blow ;

(An early, but a glorious fate ;))

The tomahawk has laid thee low.

Dread darkness reigns. On *Daviss*, on!
 Where's *Boyd*? And valiant *Harrison*,
 Commander of the Christian force?
 And *Owen*? He's a bleeding corse.

"Stand, comrades brave, stand to your post:
 "Here *Wells* and *Floyd*, and *Barton*: all
 "Must now be won, or must be lost;
 "Ply briskly bayonet, sword and ball."
 Thus spoke the General; when a yell
 Was heard, as though a hero fell.
 And, hark! the Indian whoop again—
 It is for daring *Daviss* slain!

O fearful is the battle's rage;
 No lady's hand is in the fray;
 But brawny limbs the contest wage,
 And struggle for the victor's day.
 Lo! *Spencer* sinks, and *Warwick's* slain,
 And breathless bodies strew the plain;
 And yells, and groans, and clang and roar,
 Echo along the *Wabash* shore.

But mark! where breaks upon the eye
 Aurora's beam. The coming day
 Shall foil a frantic prophecy,
 And Christian valor well display.
 Ne'er did Constantine's soldiers see,
 With more of joy for victory,
 A cross the arch of heaven adorn,
 Than these the blushing of the morn.

Bold *Boyd* led on his steady band,
 With bristling bayonets burnished bright:
 What could their dauntless charge withstand!
 What stay the warriors' matchless might?
 Rushing amain, they cleared the field,
 The savage foe constrained to yield
 To *Harrison*, who, near and far,
 Gave form and spirit to the war.

Sound, sound the charge! spur, spur the steed
 And swift the fugitives pursue—
 Tis vain: rein in—your utmost speed
 Could not o'ertake the recreant crew.
 In lowland marsh, in dell, or cave,
 Each Indian sought his life to save:
 Whence, peering forth, with fear and ire,
 He saw his Prophet's town on fire.

Now, the great Eagle of the West,
 Triumphant wing was seen to wave :
 And now each soldier's manly breast
 Sighed o'er his fallen comrade's grave.
 Some dropp'd a tear, and mused the while,
 Then joined in measured march their file ;
 And here and there cast wistful eye,
 That might surviving friend descry.

But let a foe again appear,
 Or east, or west, or south, or north ;
 The soldier then shall dry his tear,
 And, fearless, gaily sally forth.
 With lightning eye, and warlike front,
 He'll meet the battle's deadly brunt :
 Come Gaul or Briton : if arrayed
 For fight—he'll feel a freeman's blade.

QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

BY A LADY.

YES, there they bled!—the gallant few,
 Who, in their injured country's cause,
 To arms, and righteous vengeance flew ;
 Nor dared—when honor called—to pause.

And here they stood!—the recreant race!—
 But who the shameful deed shall tell ;
 Or who, record the black disgrace,
 Which on thy name, Columbia ! fell ?

Yet vain the hope, that deed to hide !
 Accusing Spirits marked the crime,
 No Seraph's tear—no lethean tide,
 Shall blot it from the roll of time.

For here they stood!—and whilst each sigh
 Which closed a patriot's bright career,
 Rose to the mercy seat on high,
 And sought that boon it found not here,

Unmoved the hardened phalanx viewed
 The doubtful fortune of the day ;
 Unpitied—saw the brave subdued—
 Unaiding—saw the brave give way.

Oh! worse than death, the coward's fate!
 "To tinge a mother's cheek with shame,"
 To bear a bleeding country's hate—
To stigmatize a father's name!

Yet friendship, to the coward heart,
 Might drive the reflux tide again,
 And to the nerveless arm impart
 Strength, to avenge a brother slain.

But tender friendship was not there,
 (Nor aught of heavenly birth beside)
 She sought the thickest of the war,
 And fell—where truth and valor died.

For FACTION, brooding o'er the field,
 Had made each traitor heart her own,
 And PARTY SPIRIT's gorgon shield
 Turned e'en Columbia's sons to stone!

THE KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.

BY A LADY.

PROTECT them Heaven!—My faltering tongue
 Could scarce to Heaven the prayer address,
 For ah! the heart from which it sprung,
 Felt the keen pressure of distress:
 It bled for friends to distance borne—
 "Departed—never to return."

O freedom! must thy sacred tree,
 Be nourished still with tears and blood?
 Must our expiring kindred be,
 Around thy reeking altars strewed?
 Oh! whence proceed these dire alarms—
 Oh! why this sad appeal to arms?

Hark through the forest's deep recess,
 Resounds the yell of savage war;
 Onward the frantic legions press,
 And bring destruction from afar.
 See yonder cot in flames ascends,
 And yonder lie your butchered friends.

And who supplies the murderous steel?
And who prepares the base reward,
That wakes to deeds of desperate zeal,
The fury of each slumbering horde?
From Britain comes each fatal blow;
From Britain, still our deadliest foe.

What! do not ocean's wide domains,
Afford her sons sufficient prey?
But must they seek these distant plains,
And bribe the savage to betray?
Yes, Freedom, *here* thy banners wave,
And *here* would Britain mark thy grave.

Then go, ye gallant warriors, go,
Arrest destruction's swift career;
In mighty vengeance crush the foe,
And bid your hidden strength appear.
The sword which lingering justice draws,
Will surely guard a righteous cause.

Then, Freedom, if thy sacred tree,
Must be sustained with tears and blood,
Perish the tyrants of the sea!
Perish their allies of the wood!
But Heaven direct each patriot arm,
And shield each patriot breast from harm.

And if the hero yields his breath,
Great God! receive his parting sigh,
And call him from the realms of death,
To purer mansions in the sky!
And sweetly may his ashes rest,
By all his country's wishes blest.

NAVAL SONGS.



THE SON OF OCEAN.

SON of the rough and roaring wave !
To every clime and danger known,
Thy dauntless energy we crave ;
Thy dauntless energy we own—
Son of the Sea ! at that bright name
The Muses love their lyres to swell,
To deck the laurelled wreath of fame,
And deathless deeds of glory tell.

Son of the wildly-warring waste !
Where ships in battle bold unite ;
Where gallant hearts to quarters haste,
Terrific frown, and frowning fight ;
But when the lee-ward flash is seen,
And peace her soothing accents lend,
The son of ocean smiles serene,
And calls the vanquished foe-man—" friend !"

Son of the howling mountain-wave !
Where thunders roll, and lightings flash,
Where loud the vext tornadoes rave,
And spars descend and timbers crash—
Though long the wrecking ruin reigns,
And waves on waves the deck o'erwhelm,
The Son of Ocean ne'er complains,
But, guides with steady hand his helm.

Son of the lofty heaving deep !
Where zephyr smiles through tempests steal,
Where, raved to rest, the billows sleep,
Or murnur mildly round thy keel ;
When virgin hopes on shore are strong
To see again the sailor youth,
The Son of Ocean helms along,
And sings to rosy Love and Truth.

Son of the flashing surge sublime!
 Where fiery flakes thy bows illumine;
 On shore, when flames infuriate climb
 And wrap in death the tottering dome;
 When helpless beauty, fearful, sighs,
 And many a trembling prayer prefers,
 The Son of Ocean hears her cries,
 And saves, or gives his life with hers.

Son of the waving waters wild!
 O'er which thy bark the breeze impels;
 On shore, when lorn affliction's child
 With feeble voice, and figure tells
 How hard, though different once, she lives,
 By loss of friends and weight of years,
 The Son of Ocean feels, and gives,
 If nothing else to give—his tears!

Son of the fondly favoring gale!
 That home-ward on this quarter plays,
 Thy name thy faithful minstrels hail
 In mingled songs of love and praise;
 And, lo thy happy natal shore
 Where kindred dear, and true-love dwell!
 Where Ocean waves are heard no more—
 —Son of the dimpling flood—farewel!

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

HOW blest the life a sailor leads,
 From clime to clime still ranging,
 For as the calm the storm succeeds,
 The scene delights by changing.
 Tho' tempests howl along the main,
 Some object will remind us;
 And cheer with hope to meet again,
 The friends we left behind us.

CHORUS.—Then under full sail, we laugh at the gale,
 Though the landsmen look pale, never heed 'em
 But toss off the glass, to a favorite lass,
 To America, Commerce and Freedom,

But when arrived in sight of land,
 Or safe in port rejoicing;
 Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
 Whilst out the boat is hoisting.

With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
 Our friends delight to greet us ;
 And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
 The pretty lasses meet us.

When the full flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
 To foot it we merrily lead 'em ;
 And each bonny lass will drink off a glass,
 To America, Commerce and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
 And gladly we receive it ;
 And when we meet a brother tar,
 That wants, we freely give it.
 No free-born sailor yet had store,
 But cheerfully would lend it ;
 And when 'tis gone, to sea for more,
 We earn it but to spend it.

CHORUS.—Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
 To relieve the distressed, cloth and feed 'em ;
 'Tis a duty we share, with the brave and the fair,
 In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A VOYAGE at sea and all its strife,
 Its pleasures and its pain,
 At every point resembles life ;
 Hard work for little gain.
 The anchor's weighed, smooth is the flood,
 Serene seems every form,
 But soon, alas ! comes on the scud,
 That speaks the threatening storm.

The towering masts in splinters shivering,
 The useless sails in tatters quivering,
 Thunders rolling, lightning flashing,
 Waves, in horrid tumults dashing,
 Foam along the dreary shore.
 Still while tars sit round so jolly,
 The sprightly flute calls care a folly ;
 Aloft, alow, abaft, aground,
 Let but the smiling grog go round,
 And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
 The wind is seldom fair.
 Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound,
 Too oft we touch at Care ;

Impervious dangers we explore,
 False friends, some faithless she ;
 Pirates and sharks are found ashore
 As often as at sea.

A lowering storm, from envy brewing ;
 Shall at a distance menace ruin,
 While Slander, Malice, and Detraction
 A host of fiends shall bring in action,
 And plant Care's thorns at every pore ;
 Returned to sweet domestic duty,
 Some manly imp or infant beauty,
 Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,
 Each thorn's plucked out, pain's turned to ease,
 And storms are heard no more.

The ship towers gaily on the main,
 To fight its country's cause,
 And bids the obedient world maintain
 Its honors and its laws ;
 Nor from surrounding danger shrinks
 Till sacrificed to fame ;
 Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
 Only to live in name.

And so the man his ample measure,
 Fills with alternate pain and pleasure,
 'Till long in age and honor living,
 Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving,
 To those he leaves his well got store ;
 Mild hope and resignation greeting,
 The playful soul by inches fleeting
 Makes onward to its native skies,
 While gasping nature pants and dies,
 And storms are heard no more.

THE COMMON CAUSE.

OUR country's like a ship of war,
 A gallant vessel too ;
 And he may well his fortune boast
 Who's of Columbia's crew :
 Each man flies to his station,
 When patriot zeal commands,
 Takes his stand,
 Lends his hand.
 As the Common CAUSE demands.

When cruising in the time of peace,
 We gaily sing and shout ;
 Endeared by wives' and sweethearts' health,
 The grog goes swift about,
 But when we see the enemy,
 Each heart assistance lends
 On the deck,
 Though a wreck,
 As the Common CAUSE demands.



LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow :
 If, unassailed by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;
 Let's not lose the favoring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn by reason how to steer :
 Let judgment ever keep you steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 While your vessel's under way ;
 Let good examples bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray :
 When thundering tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay ;
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care, awhile, encumbered lay ;
 Or, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails ;
 Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
 Drink "success unto our sails."

VOYAGE OF WEDLOCK.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing every night,
 If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.
 Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts, like the mainmast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like our tackle be tight ;
 Of the shoals of Indifference be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of Jealousy never come near.
 And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
 They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their wives ;
 For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on ship-board the helm is still ruled by the tail.
 And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise :
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
 And a hundred to one but you'll double Cape-Horn.
 And a hundred, &c.

VOICE OF LOVE.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to roar,
 And rain falls pouring from above ;
 On tender thoughts we dwell no more,
 For duty drowns the voice of love ;

The surge foams high, the lightnings fly,
 And thundering peals our valor prove,
 Till hope is lost, each keeps his post,
 And duty stills the voice of love.

But when the dreadful tumult's o'er,
 And heaven's bright orb appears above,
 Of toil, or fear, we think no more,
 For duty then gives place to love.

The freshning gale soon fills each sail,
 The grog goes round, our joy to prove,
 His heart to cheer, each toasts his dear,
 And nought is heard but songs of love !

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumbering on the Ocean,
 Sailors fear no danger nigh ;
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby,
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing ?
 Still no danger they descry ;
 The guiseless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.
 Lullaby, &c.

When the midnight tempest raging,
 Rolls the angry billows high ;
 The morrow's calm their thoughts engaging,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.
 Lullaby, &c.

Now the threatening storm is over,
 Clouds no more enshroud the sky ;
 Blissful thoughts of absent lovers,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.
 Lullaby, &c.

The voyage being made, the ship's returning,
 Port now greets the raptured eye ;
 Joy in every bosom burning,
 Soothes them with its lullaby.
 Lullaby, &c.

Safe arrived, at anchor riding,
 Hands ashore all eager fly ;
 Happy wives with gentlest chiding,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

LASHED TO THE HELM.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all these dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms,
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove,
 Lashed to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide,
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers :
 The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious powers be kind,
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long lost native shore ;
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.



THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

THE topsail shivers in the wind,
 The ship she's cast to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moored with thee ;
 For though thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sailed,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever failed,
 If Cupid filled his sails :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But sailors of the valiant fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares ; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The powers of War are vain :
 Columbia's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.



THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

THE sea was calm, the sky serene,
 And gently blew the eastern gale,
 When ANNA seated on a rock,
 Watched the LOVINA's lessening sail,
 To Heaven she thus her prayer addressed,
 Thou who canst save or canst destroy,
 From each surrounding danger guard,
 My much loved little Sailor Boy.

When tempests, o'er the Ocean howl,
 And even Sailors shrink with dread,
 Be some protecting Angel near,
 To hover round my WILLIAM's head,
 He was beloved by all the plain,
 His Father's pride his Mother's joy,
 Then safely to their arms restore,
 Their much-loved little Sailor Boy.

May no rude foe his course impede,
 Conduct him safely o'er the waves,
 O may he never be compelled,
 To fight for power or mix with slaves.
 May smiling peace his steps attend,
 Each rising hour be crowned with joy,
 As blest as that when I again,
 Shall meet my much loved Sailor Boy.

THE TEAR.

My heart from my bosom would fly,
 And wander, ah wander afar,
 Reflection bedews my sad eye,
 For Henry is gone to the war.
 Oh! ye winds to my Henry bear,
 One drop, let it fall on his breast,
 Oh! the tear as a pearl he will wear,
 And I in remembrance be blest.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,
 In vain blooms the roseate flower,
 The sun-shine of April's not seen,
 I've only to do with the shower.
 Oh! ye winds, &c.

Oh! ye winds that have borne him away,
 Restore my dear youth to my arms,
 Restore me to sun-shine and day,
 'Tis night till my Henry returns.
 Oh! ye winds to my Henry bear,
 One drop let it fall on his breast,
 Oh! the tear as a pearl he will wear,
 And I in remembrance be blest.

HOMeward BOUND.

COME loose every sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve;
 I've done with the toils of the seas:
 Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My grief I fling all to the wind;
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 That my mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all filled to my dear;
 What tropic-bird swifter can move?
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
 That returns to the nest of his love?

Come hoist every sail to the breeze;
 Come shipmates, and join in the song:
 Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

CAN YOU LOVE ME.

DEAR Nancy, I've sailed the world all around,
 And seven long years been a rover,
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
 But now my hard perils are over,
 I've saved from my toils many hundreds in gold,
 The comforts of life to beget ;
 Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me ?

Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer ;
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer ?
 Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main ?
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet,
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me ?

When ordered afar, in pursuit of the foe,
 I sighed at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
 And ah ! never more see my Nancy :
 But hope, like an angel, soon banished the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget ;
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me ?

 POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
 A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
 And t'ent to a little I'll strike ;
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood.
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every thing tight ;
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :
 Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
 'To be taken for trifles a-back,
 For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,
 'To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard our good Chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy and such—
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !
 Why 'twas all just as one as high Dutch ;
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below,
 And many fine things that prove clearly to me
 That providence takes us in tow ;
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft'
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies snivelling and piping your eye,
 Why what a great fool you must be !
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more :
 What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
 For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch,
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that grows,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
 And my arm for my loved country's foes.
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
 As with grief to be taken aback ;
 That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has breached him too :
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare ;
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair.
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah ! many's the time, and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft !

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gained in the wars,
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate ;
 What mattered my zeal or my honored scars,
 When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lined,
 Shewed a different aspect to me ;
 And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
 I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
 So I packed up the trifling remnants I'd got,
 And a trifle, alas ! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw ;
 Away then I trudged with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far, than my mind,
 For when the wide main I surveyed
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vowed, that if once I could take her in tow,
 I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
 That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
 More kindness than they did to me.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

TWO real tars whom duty called
 To watch in the foretop,
 Thus one another overhauled,
 And took a cheering drop :—
 ' I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,
 Of conduct, what's your sort ?
 As through the voyage of life you go,
 To bring you safe to port ?

Cried Will, ' you lubber, don't you know
 Our passions close to reef,
 To steer where honor points the prow,
 To hand a friend relief ;
 These anchors get but in your power,
 My life for't, that's your sort :
 The bower, the sheet, and the best bower
 Must bring you safe to port.'

' Why then you're out, and there's an end,'
 Tom cried out blunt and rough ;
 ' Be good, be honest, serve a friend ;
 The maxim's well enough ;
 Who swabs his brow at other's woe,
 That tar's for me your sort ;
 The vessel right a-head shall go
 To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,
 Misfortunes make me reel,
 Why, what's my own distress ?—
 For others let me feel :
 Aye, aye, if bound with a fresh gale,
 To heaven, that is your sort,
 A handkerchief's the best wet sail
 To bring you safe to port.'

 JACK'S DELIGHT.

SWEET is the ship that, under sail,
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale,
 Sweet, O sweet's the flowing cann ;
 Sweet to poise the laboring oar,
 That tugs us to our native shore,
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to man ;
 Sweet sailing with a flowing breeze,
 But O! much sweeter than all these
 Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
 To show of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man ;
 The needle time may rust, a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can ;
 My love in worth shall higher rise,
 No time shall rust, no squall capsize
 My faith and truth for lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned,
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And every creature from me ran ;
 No ship performing quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen,
 None hailed me, woman, child, or man.
 But though false friendship's sails were furled,
 Though cut adrift from all the world,
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran ;
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty and a spotless heart,
 By manners love to shew the man ;
 To sail through life by honor's breeze,
 It was all along on loving these
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

BOB BOUNCE.

WHY, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping,
 A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way ;
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own to be piping,
 But they that ha'nt pity, why I pities they :
 Says the Captain, says he, I shall never forget it,
 If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
 But, duty appeased, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
 Helter, skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive,
 Now Bob he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
 Why, as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.
 But when he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
 That once saved his life, as near drowning he swam :
 The lion was tamed, and with pity confounded,
 He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend, Jack, or Tom, I should rescue from danger,
 Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
 Is nothing at all; 'tis the poor wounded stranger,
 And the poorer, the more I shall succor distress:
 For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
 And the peril defy, as a bugbear, or flam;
 Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
 He'll feel more by compassion when turned to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
 And if both shed their drops 'tis all to the same end;
 And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
 Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
 If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
 You may snigger and titter, I dont care a dram;
 In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
 But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.



Captain John Paul Jones's Victory,

In the Good-man Richard, over the Seraphis, Capt. Pearson.

O'ER the rough main with flowing sheet,
 The guardian of a numerous fleet
 Seraphis from the Baltic came;
 A ship of less tremendous force
 Sailed by her side the self-same course,
 Countess of Scarborough was her name.

And now their native coast appear,
 Britannia's hills their summits rear
 Above the German main;
 Fond to suppose their danger o'er.
 They southward coast along the shore,
 Thy waters, gentle Thames, to gain.

Full forty guns Seraphis bore,
 And Scarborough's Countess twenty-four,
 Manned with Old England's boldest tars—
 What flag that rides the Gallic seas
 Shall dare attack such piles as these
 Designed for tumults and for wars!

Now from the topmast's giddy height
 A seaman cried—"Four sail in sight
 "Approached with favoring gales."
 Pearson resolved to save the fleet
 Stood off to sea, these ships to meet
 And closely braced his shivering sails.

With him advanced the Countess bold,
 Like a black tar in wars grown old :
 And now these floating piles drew nigh ;
 But, muse, unfold, what chief of fame
 In the other warlike squadron came,
 Whose standards at his mast's-head fly.

'Twas Jones, brave Jones, to battle led
 As bold a crew as ever bled
 Upon the sky surrounded main ;
 The standards of the western world,
 Were to the willing winds unfurled,
 Denying Britain's tyrant reign.

The Good-Man Richard led the line ;
 The Alliance must with these combine,
 The Gallic ship they Pallas call,
 The Vengeance, armed with sword and flame ;
 These to attack, the Britons came—
 But two accomplish all.

Now Phœbus sought his pearly bed ;
 But who can tell the scenes of dread,
 The horrors of that fatal night ;
 Close up these floating castles came :
 The Good-Man Richard burst in flame ;
 Seraphis trembled at the sight.

She felt the fury of her ball,
 Down, prostrate down the Britons fall :
 The decks were strewed with slain :
 Jones to the foe his vessel lashed ;
 And, while the black artillery flashed,
 Loud thunders shook the main.

Alas that mortals should employ
 Such murdering engines to destroy
 That frame by heaven so neatly joined :
 Alas ! that e'er it was decreed
 That brother should by brother bleed,
 And pour such madness in the mind.

But thou, brave Jones, no blame shalt bear,
 The rights of men demand your care ;
 For these you dare the greedy waves—
 No tyrant, on destruction bent,
 Has planned thy conquest ; thou art sent
 To humble tyrants and their slaves.

See!—dread Seraphis flames again—
 And art thou, Jones, among the slain,
 And sunk to Neptune's cave below—
 He lives—though crouds around him fall,
 Still he unhurt survives them all ;
 Almost alone he fights the foe.

And can your ship these strokes sustain ?
 Behold your brave companions slain,
 All clasped in ocean's cold embrace :
 Strike or be sunk—the Briton cries—
 Sink if you can—the chief replies,
 Fresh lightnings blazing in his face.

Then to the side three guns he drew,
 (Almost deserted by his crew,)
 And charged them deep with woe ;
 By Pearson's flash he aimed hot balls ;
 His mainmast totters—down it falls—
 O'erwhelming half below.

Pearson had yet disdained to yield,
 But scarce his secret fears concealed,
 And thus was heard to cry—
 " With hell, not mortals, I contend :
 " What art thou—human or a fiend,
 " That dost my force defy ?

" Return, my lads, the fight renew ?"—
 So called bold Pearson to his crew ;
 But called alas ! in vain ;
 Some on the decks lay maimed and dead ;
 Some to their deep recesses fled,
 And hosts were shrouded in the main.

Distressed, forsaken, and alone,
 He hauled his tattered standard down,
 And yielded to his gallant foe ;
 Bold Pallas soon the Countess took,
 Thus both their haughty colors struck,
 Confessing what the brave can do.

But Jones too dearly didst thou buy
 These ships possess so gloriously,
 Too many deaths disgraced the fray ;
 Your barque that bore the conquering flame,
 That the proud Briton overcame,
 E'en she forsook thee on thy way :

For when the morn began to shine,
 Fatal to her the ocean brine
 Poured through each spacious wound ;
 Quick in the deep she disappeared :
 But Jones to friendly Belgia steered,
 With conquest and with glory crowned.

Go on, great men, to scourge the foe,
 And bid these haughty Britons know
 They to our Thirteen Stars shall bend :
 The stars that clad in dark attire,
 Long glimmered with a feeble fire,
 But radiant now ascend.

Bend to the stars that flaming rise
 On western worlds, more brilliant skies,
 Fair freedom's reign restored,——
 So when the Magi, come from far,
 Behold the God-attending star,
 They trembled and adored.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ.

Tune,——*Mauggy Lauder.*

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend
 Trill forth harmonious ditty ;
 Strange things I'll tell, which late befel,
 In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
 Just when the sun was rising :
 A soldier stood on a long of wood,
 And saw a sight surprizing.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
 The truth can't be denied, sir
 He spied a score of kegs, or more,
 Come driving down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
 This strange appearance viewing,
 First damned his eyes, in great surprize,
 Then said—"Some mischief's brewing."

“ These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
 “ Packed up like pickled herring :
 “ And they’re come down to attack the town,
 “ In this new way of ferrying.”

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
 And scared almost to death, sir,
 Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
 And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
 Most frantic scenes were acted :
 And some ran here and others there,
 Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
 But said the earth had quaked,
 And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
 Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
 Lay all this time a snoring :
 Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm
 In bed with Mrs Loring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
 Awaked by such a clatter ;
 First rubs his eyes, then boldly cries,
 “ For God’s sake, what’s the matter ?”

At his bedside then he espied
 Sir Erskine, at command, sir ;
 Upon one foot he had one boot,
 And t’other in his hand, sir.

“ Arise, arise,” sir Erskine cries,
 “ The rebels—more’s the pity !
 “ Without a boat, are all afloat,
 “ And ranged before the city.

“ The motley crew in vessels new,
 “ With Satan for their guide, sir,
 “ Packed up in bags, and wooden kegs,
 “ Come driving down the tide, sir.

“ Therefore, prepare for bloody war ;
 “ These kegs must all be routed,
 “ Or surely we despised shall be,
 “ And British valor doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand,
 All ranged in dread array, sir,
 On every slip, in every ship,
 For to begin the fray, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore,
 The small arms make a rattle ;
 Since wars began, I'm sure no man
 E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales—the rebel vales,
 With rebel trees surrounded ;
 The distant woods, the hills and floods,
 With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
 Attacked on every quarter ;
 Why sure, thought they, the Devil's to pay
 Among folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
 Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
 Could not oppose their powerful foes,
 The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night those men of might
 Displayed amazing courage :
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retired to sup their porridge.

One hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more upon my word, sir,
 It is most true, would be too few
 Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
 Against those wicked kegs, sir,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

COLUMBIA'S HARDY SEAMEN.

GAILY lads, our friends we're leaving,
 Honor calls us to the main ;
 Sweethearts! what's the use of grieving,
 We but part to meet again.

Soon avenged our country's quarrels,
What delicious joys we'll prove,
Sweet reposing, crowned with laurels,
In the arms of those we love.

Love of country, love of glory,
From our mothers' breast we drew,
Our forefathers famed in story,
Gave the bright example too.

Hail Columbia's hardy seamen,
Bravely bred on boisterous waves—
Faithful to ourselves as Freemen,
Not the world can make us slaves.

"Arm our floating towers of timber,"—
Congress bids—each pulse beats higher;
Shew the world our joints are limber,
Nerves of steel, and souls of fire.

Now our breasts with ardor glowing,
Feel our bold forefathers' flame;
Through our veins their pure blood flowing,
Can our deeds disgrace their name?

Haste then, seize each plundering Corsair,
Where the waves insulted roll;
Trade protect in every quarter,
From the Tropic to the Pole.

Thence to the wide world's wonder,
Masters of the mighty deep;
While we guard our coast with thunder,
Yet at home may safely sleep.

Let us live a band of brothers,
Whether on the land or sea;
'Tis our strength and not another's,
That would make or keep us free.

Never fearing foes or weather,
Union being still our boast,
Free we'll live or die together—
"Union," boys! in bumpers toast.

AHOY TO THE ANCHOR.

COME all hands, ahoy to the anchor,
 From our friends and relations to go ;
 Poll blubbers and cries, no thanks to her,
 She'll soon take another in tow.
 'This breeze like the old one will kick us,
 About on the boisterous main,
 And one day, if death should not trick us,
 Perhaps we may come back again.
 With a will-ho, then pull away jolly boys,
 At the mercy of fortune we go ;
 We're in for't, then tell me what folly boys,
 For to be down-hearted, yo ho !

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
 More 'speciously when he gets drunk,
 The hob-stays supplies him with swigging,
 He the cable cuts up for old junk.
 The studding-sails serve for his hammock,
 With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
 While ensigns and jacks in a mammoë,
 He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
 With a will ho, &c.

Of the purser this here is the maxim,
 Slops, grog, and provision he sacks ;
 How he'd look, if you was but to ax him,
 With captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks.
 O ! he'd find it another guess story,
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,
 If the President's honor and glory,
 Was only just told about that.
 With a will ho, &c.

The gunner he's much of a bubber ;
 The carfindo cant fish a mast :
 The surgeon's a lazy land lubber,
 The master cant steer if he's aft.
 The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,
 The mates scarcely merit their flip ;
 Nor is there a swab, but the captain,
 Knows the stem from the stern of a ship.
 With a will ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abused them,
 Just but for my fancy and gig,
 Could I find any one that ill used them,
 Hang me, but I'd tickle his wig.

Jack never was known for a railer,
 'Twas fun every word that I spoke,
 And the sign of a true hearted sailor,
 Is to give and to take a good joke.
 With a will ho, then pull away jolly boys,
 At the mercy of fortune we go ;
 We're in for't, then tell me what folly boys,
 For to be down-hearted, yo ho !

THE DEPARTURE.

THE anchor weighed, the cannon's roar,
 Proclaims along the echoing shore,
 The manly farewell of a crew,
 To honest independence true :
 The enraptured cheers, declare their actions free,
 Self urged, self armed, to fight for liberty.

No sighs disgrace the gathered croud ;
 The shouts of joy are heard aloud :
 No wife her parting lord restrains,
 To check the smile her soul disdains ;
 "Haste, haste," she cries, "to act the glorious part.
 "Leave, leave my arms, and reign within my heart."

Each sister as she bids adieu,
 Crimsons with the glowing hue
 Of honest pride, and loud declares,
 "The noble toil my brother shares."
 E'en children catch the all-pervading glow,
 And prattle vengeance on the insulting foe.

The vessel now adown the tide,
 Moves slow in independent pride ;
 While Delaware with honest boast,
 Presents her to the insulted coast ;
 There may her cannon to the world decree,
 Columbia can, and ever will be free.

And you ye tars, who foremost stand,
 Guardians of your injured land,
 May smiling cherubims on high,
 Guard you with a watchful eye,
 From rocks and shoals your winged castle bear,
 Nor storms and tempests follow in your rear.

We pray not from a *mortal* foe,
 The Heavens to turn your chasing prow ;
 Your courage proved, our quarrel just,
 In you we place implicit trust ;
 Assured you'll reap from every equal fight,
 Success as glorious, as our cause is right.

The American Constitution.

Tune,—*The Arethusa.*

COME all you jolly sailors, here,
 Whose honest hearts are void of fear,
 Who wish in freedom's cause to steer,
 Huzza to the Constitution.
 No frigate stems the watery main,
 'Gainst which we won't our rights maintain ;
 We are all staunch,
 To our favorite launch,
 No pirate but we will make fly,
 Prepared to conquer or to die.
 Along with the Constitution.

We cruize to guard our country's trade,
 No other's liberties invade,
 Columbians prize the laws they've made,
 O! the glorious Constitution.
 Oppression, freemen all disdain,
 And freedom's cause, they will maintain.
 'Gainst all the world,
 Our flag unfurled,
 We fear no power, we know no friend,
 When forced our commerce to defend,
 Along with the Constitution,

Sweet girls when we are far away,
 We'll still retain hope's cheering ray,
 That love's soft ardor will repay,
 Our toils in the Constitution.
 Lo! now for danger we prepare,
 Of honor each to gain his share,
 We'll fearless brave,
 The dashing wave :
 You'll cheer us as we bid adieu,
 With three buzzas, to the jolly crew,
 Of the American Constitution.

On the Enterprize of Lieut. Somers.

TOWARDS Afric's coast the wind did blow,
 All hearts were warmed by Valor's glow,
 And eager to chastise the foe,
 For acts of daring robbery.

Lo! *Somers* launched upon the main,
 With ten bold seamen in his train,
 Tripoli's port resolved to gain,
 And mar each wall and battery.

Forward they pressed on Ocean's wave—
 (*Wadsworth* was there, and *Israel* brave!)
 Nor thought of danger, nor a grave:
 Their thoughts were on the enemy.

The bark that sped them to the shore,
 Of strong gun-powder had a store,
 And bombards too she likewise bore—
 Dread instruments of Misery!

As to the port they closely drew,
 The enemy appeared in view;
 Two boats approached with each a crew
 Of fifty sons of Tripoli.

In haste they board—See *Somers* stand,
 Determined, cool, formed to command,
 'The Match of Death in his right hand,
 Scorning a life of Slavery.

And now, behold! the Match applied,
 The mangled foe the welkin ride:—
 Whirling aloft, brave *Somers* cried,
 A glorious *Death* or *Liberty*!

The volleying bombards fierce were driven,
 Impetuous through the vault of Heaven,
 And Infidels, by Terror riven,
 With shrieks rent Heaven's canopy.

The Bashaw from his Castle fled,
 The bombards thundering o'er his head,
 Whilst strewed along, the countless dead
 Lay prone on earth in agony.

And fiercer vengeance still shall flow,
 Upon the faithless, guilty foe,
 When *Barron* with his fleet shall go,
 And storm that den of roguery.

Wentworth noted
4/6/1916 Wm
NAVAI

Then will our cannon,
In ruins lay their Castle's
Whilst wrapped in flames
And women s

Columbians ! that will be
With *Mercy* so to temper *F*
That *Virtue* shall not on you
An eye that looks

And then shall *Bainbridge* once
Re-cross, in liberty, the main,
Freed, with his crew, from galling
And dungeon's gloomy

DECATUR'S VICTORY

ARISE ! arise ! Columbia's sons arise !

And join in the shouts of the patriotic throng !

Arise ! arise ! Columbia's sons arise !

And let heaven's walls re-echo with your song—

For Columbia's genius, victory proclaiming,

Flics through the world our rights and deeds maintaining ;

And our fame at Tripoli, recorded still shall be,

And Decatur, brave Decatur's name remembered be with joy.

CHORUS.—Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! boys,

Mars guards for us what we did independent gain.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! boys,

Columbia still, unrestrained, sails the main.

Haughty and proud, the tawny sons of Tripoli,

Had long been a pest to our independent sailing ;

And vainly thought they to enslave us were free,

While their flag waved unfurled o'er the main—

But Decatur soon taught them 'midst all their peals of thunder,

To Columbia's flag 'twas their wisdom to surrender ;

And their frigate in a flame, gave a glory to his name,

And laurels graced the bosoms of Columbia's fair.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza, &c.

In Congress with joy, met the guardians of our rights,

Determined to give to merit its renown ;

And surrounded their brows, which the hardy tar requites,

With fair freedom's and a famed laurel crown—

And the loud trump of Fame o'er earth and ocean sounding.

With Barron, Preble, Talbot, and Decatur's name resounding :

And our fame at Tripoli, recorded still shall be,

And freedom's loving choir sing the glories of that day.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza, &c.

SONGS.

Birth,
In arms returning ;
Blood have bought
The air.
Shall be penned,
His friend ;
Our children shall be free,
In our fame.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! boys,
Tell us what we did independent gain,
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! boys,
Still, unrestrained, sails the main.

TARS OF COLUMBIA.

Of Columbia. the trumpet of fame,
The wide world your actions shall loudly proclaim,
Liberty's genius in triumph arise,
Singing your deeds as she mounts to the skies.

CHORUS.

Whilst at the hostile shore, where thundering cannons roar,
The note of each brave tar, each brave tar shall be,
No tribute ! but glory, we'll die or be free.

The brave sons of Freedom, who fell in the cause,
Supporting our rights. Independence and laws ;
As the actions of heroes, by history are graced,
First shall Somers Decatur and Wadsworth be placed.
Whilst at the hostile shore, &c.

See Preble exalted ! a monument stand !
Surrounded by Heroes, who under his command,
On Tripoli's tyrant their vengeance have hurled,
And the deeds of Columbians resound through the world.
Whilst at the hostile shore, &c.

May Washington's genius our country defend,
And that charter maintain which freedom has penned ;
But should tyranny dare our rights to invade,
By our tars shall the daring attempt be repaid.

CHORUS.

Whilst at the hostile shore, where thundering cannons roar,
The note of each brave tar, each brave tar shall be,
No tribute, but glory, we'll die or be free.

THE YOUTHFUL SAILOR.

BY JOHN D. WOLFE, JR.

THE youthful sailor mounts the bark,
 And bids each weeping friend adieu ;—
 Fair blows the gale, the canvass swells ;
 Slow sinks the upland from his view.

Three mornings, from his ocean bed,
 Resplendent beams the God of day ;
 The fourth high looming in the mist,
 A war-ship's flouting banners play.

Her yawl is launched ; light o'er the deep,
 Too kind, she wafts a ruffian band ;
 Her blue track lightens to the bark,
 And soon on deck the miscreants stand.

Around they throw the baleful glance ;
 Suspense holds mute the anxious crew—
 Who is their prey ?—poor sailor boy !
 The baleful glance is fixed on you.

Nay, why that useless scrip unfold ?—
 They damn the "*lying Yankee scrawl*,"
 Torn from thine hand, it strews the wave—
 They force thee trembling to the yawl.

Sick was thine heart, as from the deck,
 The hand of friendship waved farewell ;
 Mad was thy brain, as far behind,
 In the grey mist thy vessel fell.

One hope, yet, to thy bosom clung,
 The captain mercy might impart—
 Vain were that hope, which bade thee look
 For mercy in a Pirate's heart.—

What woes can man on man inflict,
 When malice joins with unchecked power !
 Such woes, unpitied, and unknown,
 For many a mouth, the sailor bore.

Oft gemmed his eye the bursting tear,
 As memory lingered on past joy ;
 As oft they flung the cruel jeer,
 And damned the "*chicken-livered boy*."

When sick at heart, with "hope deferred,"
 Kind sleep his wasting form embraced,
 Some ready minion plied the lash,
 And the loved dream of freedom chased.

Fast to an end his miseries drew ;
 The deadly hectic flushed his cheek ;
 On his pale brow the cold dew hung—
 He sighed, and sunk upon the deck !

The sailor's woes drew forth no sigh ;
 No hand would close the sailor's eye ;
 Remorseless, his pale corpse they gave,
 Unshrouded, to the friendly wave.

And, as he sunk beneath the tide,
 A hellish shout arose ;
 Exultingly the demons cried,
So fare all Albion's REBEL foes!—



THE IMPRESSED AMERICAN.

OH ! who can conceive how acute are my pains,
 How my bosom with anguish is torn,
 When I think, with regret, on those dear native plains,
 Where none but a FREEMAN is born ?

Oh, curse on those Fiends, having power to oppress,
 Who wolf-like can prey on the weak ;
 Who deny the unfortunate Man a redress,
 And permit not the poor Man to speak.

Fell Tyranny's Chains now enfetters my soul,
 As rudely I'm tossed on the main ;
 Fell Tyranny's Mandate, with lawless control,
 Plies the lash—Dare her Victims complain ?

With a quick-beating heart, while constrained I toil,
 For my Friends and my Country I mourn ;
 And in retrospect trace all the scenes in that soil,
 Where perhaps I shall never return.

When I think on my Home, on my Wife, and my Child,
 That would cherub-like spring on my knee ;
 My brain is on fire, my thoughts are as wild
 As the storm-enraged waves of the Sea.

Away maddening thoughts, and begone dark Despair !
 There's a Providence ruling on high,
 Who the Widow and Orphan takes under his care,
 And notes each oppressed Man's sigh.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

OH! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoyed,
 Was as happy as happy could be;
 But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroyed,
 A captive, alas, on the sea.
 I was taken by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
 To tear me from her I adore;
 When thought brings to mind my once happy state,
 I sigh—I sigh, as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate, oh how galling my chain,
 My life's steered by misery's chart,
 And though 'gainst my tyrant I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart:
 I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash,
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore;
 While around me the merciless billows do dash,
 I sigh—I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,
 The port where she dwelt was in view;
 But the wished nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
 I was hurried, dear Anna from you.
 Our shallop was boarded, and I torn away,
 To behold my loved Anna, no more;
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay;
 He sighed—he sighed, and expired at the oar.

 THE APPEAL.

FREEDOM's sons, awake to glory;
 Bid Columbia's eagle soar!
 Once our deeds have rung in story;
 Burns the patriot flame no more?

Shall that arm which haughty Britain
 In its gristle found too strong—
 That, by which her hosts were smitten—
 Shall that arm be palsied long?

See our sons of ocean kneeling
 To a tyrant's stripes and chains!
 Partizan! hast thou no feeling,
 When the hardy tar complains!

See the British press-gang seize him,
Victim of relentless power!
Stout his heart is, but must fail him
In this evil-trying hour!

Wife and children did enfold him,
Ere he launched upon the deep:
These shall ne'er again behold him;
These are left alone to weep.

Dragged on board his prison dwelling—
Snapped the cord of tender ties!
While his manly heart is swelling,
To the winds he gives his sighs.

Sons of freedom! rise and save him;
Snatch him from the tyrant's power;
And thy country then shall have him,
Friend in peril's darkest hour.



SONS OF FREEDOM RISE.

RISE! Sons of Freedom rise!
Swift as the lightning flies,
Rush to the ocean, hear our brother sighing,
Rush to the ocean, rescue him from dying.
Let us unite, let martial songs
Wake us to feel our country's wrongs.
Let Independence warm the soul—
Proclaim it loud from pole to pole,
Let every haughty tyrant know,
Each son of Freedom is his foe.

CHORUS.—Insolent pirates now shall feel
Columbia's arm is nerved with steel.
Insulting pirates now shall feel
Columbia's arm is nerved with steel.

O'er Neptune's wide domain,
These haughty tyrants reign,
Pirates and robbers, eager all for plunder,
Rouse then indignant! hurl on them your thunder.
Americans! no longer sleep,
No longer cringe, no longer creep;
Boldly advance, and take your stand,
Defend your much insulted land:—

Mark how the eagle mounts the skies !
Where independent spirits rise.

The keen-eyed Eagle points the way,
And Freedom's sons her call obey.
The keen-eyed Eagle points the way,
And Freedom's sons her call obey.

Wide o'er Columbia's plain,
Wide o'er the watery main,
Let the loud trumpet wake each drooping spirit,
Rouse to defend the blessing we inherit ;
Brave youth prepare—these dire alarms
Call you to arms ; to arms ! to arms !
Our foes advance—slaves you must be,
Or proudly stand for Liberty :
Those foreign tyrants would destroy,
That heaven-born Freedom we enjoy.

Invading hordes, shall die accurst,
Back they must fly, or bite the dust.
Invading hordes shall die accurst,
Back they must fly, or bite the dust.

RODGERS AND VICTORY.

Tune,—*Yankee Doodle.*

JOHN BULL, who has for ten years past,
Been daily growing prouder,
Has got another taste at last
Of Yankee ball and powder.

Yankee doodle join the tune,
To every freeman handy,
Let's shake the foot and rigadon,
To yankee doodle dandy.

His wrongs and insults have increased
Till yankees cannot bear 'em,
And as they wished to live in peace,
He thought that he could scare 'em.

But yankees know their good old tune,
For fun or fighting handy,
For battle or for rigadon,
'Tis yankee doodle dandy.

You all remember well. I guess,
 The Chesapeake disaster.
 When Britons dared to kill and press,
 To please their royal master.

That day did murdered freemen fall,
 Their graves are cold and sandy;
 Their funeral dirge was sung by all,
 Not yankee doodle dandy.

But still for this we manned no ship,
 But used expostulation,
 They murdered Pierce—they fired on Tripp,
 We bore the degradation.

For though we can like tigers fight,
 Yet peaceful joys are handy;
 Like brothers still we would unite,
 With yankee doodle dandy.

The tools of British power who steal
 And murder on the ocean,
 For every wrong they make us feel
 Meet honor and promotion.

I guess if father was not dead,
 He'd think us very bandy,
 And ask where all the fire had fled
 Of yankee doodle dandy.

But finding injuries prolonged,
 Become a growing evil,
 Our Commodore got leave, if wronged,
 To blow 'em to the devil.

And Rodgers is a spunky lad,
 In naval battles bandy,
 'Twas he who whipped the Turks so well
 With yankee doodle dandy.

So off he goes, and tells his crew,
 The sails we quickly bent sir;
 A better ship you never knew,
 She's called the President sir.

They hoisted up the topsails soon,
 The sailors are so handy;
 While drums and fifes struck up the tune,
 Of yankee doodle dandy.

On Thursday morn we saw a sail,
 Well armed with gun and swivel,
 Says Rodgers, "We will chace and hail
 "And see if she'll be civil."

So after her they hastened soon,
 The sailors are so handy;
 While drums and fifes still played the tune,
 Called yankee doodle dandy.

“ Where are you from ?” bold Rodgers cried—
 Which made the British wonder—
 Then with a gun they quick replied,
 Which made a noise like thunder.
 Like lightning we returned the joke,
 Our matches were so handy,
 The yankee bull-dogs nobly spoke,
 The tune of doodle dandy.

A brilliant action then began,
 Our fire so briskly burned, sir,
 While blood from British scuppers ran,
 Live *Seventy-six* returned sir.
 Our cannon roared, our men huzza'd,
 And fired away so handy,
 Till Bingham struck, he was so scared,
 At hearing doodle dandy.

Then having thus chastised the foe,
 And wounded thirty British,
 We gave the rascals leave to go,
 They felt so deuced skittish.
 Now toast our Commodore so brave,
 In toddy, flip or brandy,
 And strike aloud the merry stave
 Of yankee doodle dandy.

John Codline and John Bull, Or “ *The mistakes of a night.*”

WITH his ship all well manned, and “ clock full of fight,”
 John Codline was plowing the ocean one night.

As fortune would have it, John Bull came that way,
 And thought Mr Codline some Frenchman astray.

Who are you ? cries Codline—Sir Bull was quite mum—
 And in lieu of a word, gave Codline a gun.

Egad—that’s plain English—my own mother tongue—
 Cries Codline—I’ll give you as good as you flung.

The sauce I now hear, oft before I have heard—
 So now my good fellow see who’s the last word.

Broad side and broad side, then at it they went,
 Till Bull cried *pecavi*—this a’n’t what I meant.

I tho't you a Frenchman, and fear'd not your size,
Well knowing the larger—the greater the prize.

A good one cries Codline—this blundering hit
May learn you to profit, by loss of your wit.

Hereafter when Codline you happen to meet,
On Neptune's high-way, on river or street—

Be civil, friend Bull—for we fear not a straw,
Your "*ultima ratio*—" your old CANNON LAW.

FREEMEN OF COLUMBIA.

BY HENRY STANLEY, ESQ.

YE freemen of Columbia,
Who guard your native coast,
Whose fathers won your liberty,
Your country's pride and boast—
Your glorious standard rear again,
To match your ANCIENT foe ;
As she roars on your shores,
Where the stormy tempests blow ;
As she prowls for prey on every shore,
Where the stormy tempests blow.

The Spirits of your fathers
Shall hover o'er each plain,
Where in their injured country's cause
The IMMORTAL BRAVE were slain !
Where bold MONTGOMERY fearless fell,
Where carnage strewed the field,
In your might shall you fight,
And force the foe to yield ;
And on the heights of Abraham
Your country's vengeance wield.

Columbia fears no enemy
That plows the briny main,
Her home a mighty continent,
Its soil her rich domain !
To avenge our much loved country's wrongs,
To the field her sons shall fly,
While alarms sound to arms,
We'll conquer or we'll die,
When Britain's tears may flow in vain,
As low her legions lie !

Columbia's Eagle standard
 Triumphant then shall tower,
 Till from the land the foe depart—
 Driven by its gallant power.
 Then, then, ye patriot warriors!
 Our songs and feasts shall flow,
 And no more, on our shore,
 Shall war's dread tempests blow;
 But the breeze of peace shall gently breathe
 Like the winds that murmur low.



American Seamen's Lamentation.

FROM dungeons of Britain, which float on the main,
 O hear the sad tale of our sorrowful moan;
 The sun of your freedom for us shines in vain,
 As captives we live but to sigh and to groan.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
 Let our dear native land but receive us once more.

The insolent Briton who rules us with scorn,
 With a heart made of stone, does but mock at our grief,
 Nor feels for the pangs of our state so forlorn,
 In hopes that our thraldom may find no relief.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
 Let our dear native country receive us once more.

O brothers! ye boast of your liberty won,
 By Washington's feats, and by deeds of your own;
 No ray meets our eyes of bright liberty's sun,
 Forced to fight and to die for a land not our own.
 Then pity, dear brothers, the fate we deplore,
 Let our friends and our country receive us once more.

How happy with you to conquer or die,
 For country and liberty offer our lives,
 At the word of command be still ready to fly,
 Protecting our parents, our children and wives.
 Then pity, dear fathers, the fate we deplore,
 Let our dear native country receive us once more.

Forget not your sailors, in thraldom severe,
 Who cease not to think and to pine after you;
 Be not plundered of all which a man holds most dear,
 Nor suffer our days to be numbered but few.
 Then pity, dear nation, our sorrowful strain,
 Nor let us forever solicit in vain.

KIDNAPPED SEAMEN.

SONS of freedom, break your slumbers !
 Hear a brother's piercing cries !
 From amidst your foe's deep thunders,
 Hear his bitter griefs arise !

Seized by ruffians on the ocean,
 From his kindred borne away,
 Forced to render his devotion,
 To relentness tyrants' sway.

See ! with ruthless hands they chain him !
 Iron fetters bind his arms !
 Better that they first had slain him
 And relieved from future harms.

See his naked body streaming
 Rills of blood beneath the lash
 See his eyes indignant beaming,
 Sparkling vengeance as they flash

Though his body, scored with gashes,
 Sinks beneath a brutal hand,
 His soul still scorns the fiend-like lashes,
 And turns to view his native land.

"O my country," hear him calling,
 "When, O when, the happy hour,
 "That the sailor saves from falling
 "In these demons' lawless power?"

Can we hear his sad petition;
 Echoing o'er our hills and dales,
 And turned unmoved from his condition,
 While his miseries he bewails ?

Sons of freemen, arm for battle,
 And avenge your brother's cause !
 Let your thundering cannon rattle
 For our country and our laws !

THE SEAMAN.

WHEN with fierce rage the wild-winds roar,
 And screaming frenzy's frantic form
 Loves 'mid the swelling din to pour
 Loud dirges on the midnight storm ;
 Then vainly thinks the seaman bold,
 While shivering with the rain and cold,
 Oh ! had he saved his cash on shore,
 He'd brave the faithless deep no more.

And calling to his cheerless mind,
 How blest a landsman's lot must be,
 Who, sheltered from the rain and wind,
 Laughs at the horrors of the sea—
 Forms humble plans of future life,
 A small neat cottage—and a wife ;
 Resolved to save his cash on shore,
 And trust the faithless deep no more !

But soon the howling blast is o'er,
 And peace resumes her tranquil reign ;
 Fair blows the gale—the welcome shore,
 He greets with longing eyes again ;
 Clasps his loved Polly in his arms,
 Forgets the tempest's wild alarms,
 Spends all his little cash on shore,
 And gaily trips to sea for more.

THE YANKEE TAR.

WHEN engaged on the ocean, the brave Yankee tar,
 Reaps the laurels of fame in the tug of the war,
 With patriot ardor inspired when he fights,
 He conquers for glory and maritime rights.

His country's flag to the mast head he nails,
 Where it gallantly floats to the favoring gales ;
 While serving his gun, with true courage he glows,
 And defiance he bids to America's foes.

With generous feelings his bosom is stored,
 Fights on till existence is gone by the board,
 But the enemy conquered, to mercy inclined,
 A friend in the brave he rejoices to find.

Accomplished the cruize, to his country he steers,
 High swells his full heart as his Sally he nears,
 For faithful to glory and love are our tars,
 To New-England's honor, their stripes and their stars.

HULL'S VICTORY.

Tune,—*Arethusa.*

COLUMBIA'S sons, prepare, unite,
 Now for your Country's freedom fight,
 And with your sword maintain her right;
 'Gainst pride and persecution ;
 And while you scourge our haughty foes,
 I'll sing the martial deeds of those,
 Whose metal tried,
 Soon lowered the pride,
 Of DACRES, who brave HULL defied,
 On board the CONSTITUTION.

Nineteenth of August, half past two,
 And post meridian, came in view
 'The GUERRIERE frigate ! with her crew,
 All fired with resolution ;
 The boasting chieftain bent his course,
 Resolved to put his threats in force,
 And with his guns,
 Subdue the sons,
 Of Yankees, who no dangers shun,
 On board the CONSTITUTION.

Our gallant ship now swiftly flies,
 And every man his gun supplies,
 While our commander cheerly cries,
 Evince your resolution ;
 With ardor each to action springs,
 Whilst with three cheers the welkin rings ;
 Our foes amazed
 With wonder gazed,
 To see COLUMBIA'S standard raised
 On board the CONSTITUTION.

'The GUERRIERE'S balls flew thick and hot
 Around us, which we answered not,
 But steered till within pistol shot,
 Resolved on execution.
 Our first broadside like thunder roared
 And brought her mizen by the board,
 Her main-mast too
 And fore-mast flew,
 In pieces, while our jovial crew
 Huzza'd the CONSTITUTION.

When DACRES, first received this check,
 And saw the Guerriere a wreck,
 Himself a prisoner on the deck,
 His ship's crew in confusion ;
 Perceived the yankee boys on board,
 With grief beheld the Union lowered ;
 All hope now fled,
 He sighing said
 The GOD of war to victory led
 Brave HULL in the CONSTITUTION.

This Briton oft had made his boast,
 He'd with his crew, a chosen host,
 Pour fell destruction round our coast,
 And work a revolution ;
 Urged by his pride a challenge sent
 Bold RODGERS in the PRESIDENT :
 Wishing to meet
 Him tete a tete,
 Or one his equal from our fleet,
 Such was the CONSTITUTION.

COLUMBIA'S sons ! each jovial soul
 Whose glowing breast contemns control,
 Rejoice around the sparkling bowl,
 While wine flows in profusion.
 First WASHINGTON ! our country's boast
 The CONGRESS next, shall be our toast,
 Our third is due
 Brave Hull and crew ;
 Then all who hold our rights in view,
 And guard the CONSTITUTION.



ODE,

*Sung at the Dinner given to the Officers of the U. States frigate
 Constitution, after the Victory over the British frigate Guerriere.*

BY. L. M. SARGEANT, ESQ.

Tune, — *Ye Mariners of England.*

BRITANNIA'S gallant streamers
 Float proudly o'er the tide ;
 And fairly wave Columbia's stripes,
 In battle, side by side :
 And ne'er did bolder foemen meet,
 Where ocean's surges pour.

O'er the tide now they ride,
 While the bellowing thunders roar,
 While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

When Yankee meets the Briton,
 Whose blood congenial flows,
 By heaven created to be friends,
 By fortune rendered foes ;
 Hard then must be the battle fray,
 Ere well the fight is o'er.
 Now they ride, side by side,
 While the bellowing thunders roar ;
 While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

Still, still for noble England,
 Bold DACRES' streamers fly ;
 And, for Columbia, gallant HULL's,
 As proudly and as high.
 Now louder rings the battle din,
 More thick the volumes pour ;
 Still they ride, side by side,
 While the bellowing thunders roar ;
 While the cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And the bellowing thunders roar.

Why lulls Britannia's thunder,
 That waked the wat'ry war ?
 Why stays that gallant Guerriere,
 Whose streamer waved so fair ?
 That streamer drinks the ocean wave !
 That warrior's fight is o'er !
 Still they ride, side by side,
 While Columbia's thunders roar ;
 While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And her Yankee thunders roar.

Hark ! 'tis the Briton's lee-gun !
 Ne'er bolder warrior kneeled !
 And ne'er to gallant mariners
 Did braver seamen yield.
 Proud be the sires, whose hardy boys
 Then fell, to fight no more ;
 With the brave, mid the wave,
 When the cannon's thunders roar ;
 Their spirits then shall trim the blast,
 And swell the thunder's roar.

Vain were the cheers of Britons,
 Their hearts did vainly swell,
 Where virtue, skill, and bravery,
 With gallant MORRIS fell.
 That heart, so well in battle tried,
 Along the Moorish shore,
 Yet again, o'er the main,
 When Columbia's thunders roar,
 Shall prove its Yankee spirit true,
 When Columbia's thunders roar.

Hence be our floating bulwarks
 Those oaks our mountains yield ;
 'Tis mighty heaven's plain decree ;
 Then take the wat'ry field !
 To ocean's farthest barrier, then,
 Your whitening sails shall pour ;
 Safe they'll ride o'er the tide,
 While Columbia's thunders roar :
 While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
 And her Yankee thunders roar.

JONES'S VICTORY.

YE brave sons of Freedom, whose bosoms beat high
 For your country, with patriot pride and emotion,
 Attend whilst I sing of a wonderful Wasp,
 And the Frolic she gallantly took on the ocean.

This tight little Wasp, of the true Yankee stuff,
 From the shores of Columbia indignant paraded ;
 Her eye flashed with fire, and her spirit flamed high,
 For her rights they were basely by Britons invaded.

Swift over the wave for the combat she flew,
 By a sting keen and terrible armed and defended ;
 Her broad-wings were white as the rough ocean spray,
 And sixteen long arms from her sides she extended.

The winds waft her gaily—but soon on the way
 The foe of her fathers for battle arrayed him ;
 From his forehead were waving the standards of Spain.
 But the proud step and stare of his nation betrayed him.

Like the fierce bird of Jove, the Wasp darted forth,
 And, be the tale told with amazement and wonder !
 She hurled on the foe, from her flame-spreading arms,
 The fire-brands of death, and the red-bolts of thunder !

And, Oh ! it was glorious and strange to behold,
 What torrents of fire from her red-mouth she threw,
 And how from her broad-wings and sulphurous sides,
 Hot showers of grape-shot, and rifle-balls flew !

The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
 And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and affrighted :
 But the Wasp darted forward her death-doing sting,
 And full on his bosom, like lightning, alighted.

She pierced through his entrails, she maddened his brain,
 And he writhed and he groaned as if torn with the cholick ;
 And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day,
 He met the American Wasp in a Frolic.

The tremors of death now invaded his limbs,
 And the streams of his life-blood, his closing eyes drown ;
 When lo ! on the wave, this colossus of pride,
 The glory and pomp of John Bull, tumbled down.

Now drink to the Navy ; and long may its sons,
 Like the heroes of Rome, and of Carthage and Greece,
 Midst the downfall of nations, triumphantly bear
 The barque of our country, to freedom and peace.

And drink to DECATUR and RODGERS and HULL,
 And to every brave heart, to his country that's true ;
 And never forget whilst the glass circles round,
 The fame of the WASP, her COMMANDER, and CREW.

DECATUR'S VICTORY.

Tune,—*Ye tars of Columbia.*

THE banner of FREEDOM high floated unfurled,
 While the silver tipt surges in low homage curled,
 Flashing bright round the bow of *Decatur's* brave bark,
 In contest an eagle—in chasing, a lark.

CHORUS.

The bold "UNITED STATES,"
 Which FOUR AND FORTY rates,
 Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly—
 Her motto is "Glory ! we conquer or die."

All canvass extended to woo the coy gale,
 The ship cleared for action, in chase of a sail ;
 The foeman in view, every bosom beats high,
 All eager for conquest, or ready to die.

The bold United States, &c.

Now havoc stands ready, with optics of flame,
 And battle-hounds "*strain on the start*" for the game;
 The blood demons rise on the surge for their prey,
 While pity, dejected, awaits the dread fray.
 The bold United States, &c.

The gay-floating streamers of Britain appear,
 Waving light in the breeze, as the stranger we near;
 And now could the quick-sighted Yankee discern,
 MACEDONIAN emblazoned at large on her stern.
 The bold United States, &c.

She waits our approach, and the contest began,
 But to waste ammunition is no Yankee plan;
 In awful suspense every match was withheld,
 While the bull-dogs of Britain incessantly yelled.
 The bold United States, &c.

Unawed by her thunders, alongside we came,
 While the foe seemed enwrapped in a mantle of flame;
 When, prompt to the word, such a flood we return,
 That Neptune, aghast, thought his trident would burn.
 The bold United States, &c.

Now the lightning of battle gleams horribly red,
 With a tempest of iron, and a hail-storm of lead:
 And our fire on the foe was so copiously poured,
 His mizen and top-masts soon went by the board.
 The bold United States, &c.

So fierce and so bright did our flashes aspire,
 They thought that their cannon had set us on fire—
 "*The Yankee's on flames*," every British tar hears,
 And hailed the false omen with three hearty cheers.
 The bold United States, &c.

In *seventeen minutes*, they found their mistake,
 And were glad to surrender, and fall in our wake,
 Her decks were with carnage and blood deluged o'er,
 Where, weltering in blood, lay *an hundred and four*.
 The bold United States, &c.

But though *she* was made so completely a wreck,
 With blood they had scarcely en crimsoned *our* deck:
 Only *five* valiant Yankees in battle were slain,
 And our ship in five minutes was fitted again.
 The bold United States, &c.

Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,
 For the trident of Neptune is ours, if we please.
 While HULL and DECATUR, and JONES are our boast,
 We dare their whole navy to come to our coast.
 The bold United States, &c.

Rise, tars of Columbia, and share in the fame,
Which gilds *Hull's*, *Decatur's* and *Jones's* bright name ;
Fill a bumper and drink, "Here's success to the cause,
But DECATUR supremely deserves our applause."

CHORUS.

The bold "UNITED STATES,"
Which FOUR AND FORTY rates,
Shall ne'er be known to yield—be known to yield or fly—
Her motto is "Glory! we conquer or die."

DECATUR AND THE NAVY.

Let glory proclaim to the hills of the west,
The triumph of Freedom afar ;
Our song be *Decatur* and Liberty blest,
Huzza to the brave and the war.

The gallant commander and all his brave band,
Rejoice at the sight of the foe ;
Three cheers give the signal ; each heart and each hand
Conspires to strike the first blow.

Then furious, the cannon's fierce thunderings roar,
Death speedily follows the blaze,
The dead and the dying lie covered with gore,
While Freedom the contest surveys.

Sweet Goddess! that guides us to glory and fame,
And rides in the terrible blast,
Now give to *Decatur* a glorious name,
That long as his country shall last.

The fierce *Macedonian*, soon yields to her foe,
She yields to the gallant and brave ;
Success to our Sailors wherever they go,
And in death, sweet peace to their grave.

Huzza to the brave that triumphantly ride,
And traverse the boisterous sea,
Columbia's glory, her honor and pride,
And Freedom's fair bulwark shall be.

Our brave, gallant Navy shall sooner or later,
The ocean, victorious, plough,
And Liberty's conquests, with noble *Decatur*,
Shall make the proud Albion bow.

The Tars of Columbia were born to be brave,
 Their birth-right is Liberty blest ;
 To shield it from insult from ruin to save,
 Shall long be the pride of each breast.

Then hail to our Navy, all hail in a bumper !
 Decatur and Porter and Hull :
 May Rodgers soon meet with the fierce roving " Plumper,"
 And drub his old friend Johnny Bull.

AMERICAN VICTORIES.

HARK ! again the cannon's roar
 Floats along Columbia's shore,
 Peals on peals, redoubling, roll,
 Whilst glory fires each patriot soul.

Some dreadful contest shakes the main—
 Hark ! the thunder breaks again !
 And now amid the ocean's glow,
She strikes ! she strikes ! Columbia's foe.

Britannia weep ! thy laurels view
 Fast fading, twin'd with mournful yew,
 Columbia's little naval band
 Will wrest the trident from thy hand.

See boastful *Dacres*, humbled, yield
 To modest *Hull* the azure field :
 To *Yankee* skill resign the wave
 That rises o'er the *Guerriere's* grave !

And see beneath the southern sky,
 Columbia's flag triumphant fly !
 Intrepid *Jones* with ardor burns,
 And vengeful on the Frolic turns.

Superior force the Briton claims,
 But dauntless *Jones* the fight maintains,
 Till haughty England sees once more,
 Her *red cross* humbled as before.

Then turn, behold Columbia's pride
Decatur—oft in battle tried—
 The *Preble* of her infant name—
 The *Nelson* of her future fame.

See, vanquished, by his valiant band,
The *Macedonian*, captive stand ;
Struck, her proud banners, to his might,
And hails him champion of the fight.

Whilst fair Columbia's genius twines,
And graceful round his temple binds
That glorious wreath, the meed of fame,
Which consecrates a HERO'S name.

Then Britain weep ! thy laurels view
Fast fading twined with mournful yew ;
Columbia's little naval band
Shall wrest the trident from thy hand.



THE TRIDENT OF NEPTUNE.

TO guard the free pathway of his watery domain,
For ages had Neptune his trident extended ;
And nations all swore they the law would maintain,
Which forbid that its rights should e'er be contended :
But Britain, haughty Isle, claiming ocean as her spoil,
Set afloat her winged castles, determined to despoil ;
And the God, at their thunders, with terrors inspired,
Presented his sceptre, and in exile retired.

Long he viewed the usurper triumph o'er the expanse,
As 'mid its green leaves he sat forlorn and cheerless ;
While tyranny and rapine o'er its azure waves advance,
By the streamers of Albion protected and fearless,
When, the solace of his woes, Columbia's genius rose,
And glory filled her eye while it lightened on her foes ;
For the wand that quells the billows, was in her hand borne,
Which from the queen of ocean, her warlike sons had torn.

"Great Father," the Goddess of Liberty exclaimed,
While the radiance of Heaven on her countenance brightened,
"With thy trident, thy power undiminished is reclaimed :"
And his soul spoke its joy in his visage that lightened,
As the emblem again of his rule on the main,
Through Columbia's fair hands, he from usurpation gained ;
And while the immortal affection waked his breast,
He announced to the world his sovereign behest.

Thy virtues the glory of all nations transcend ;
 Be thy bliss and thy greatness through ages increasing,
 The rights of the world be it thy task to defend,
 And the reverence of empires shall ever be unceasing ;
 'The fierce tempest of war, shall be driven afar
 To the deep's heaving bosom ; no more your peace to mar,
 While Hull's, Jones', and Decatur's fame, cherished in song
 Shall your annal's proud page with numerous heroes throng.

SEAMEN OF COLUMBIA.

YE seamen of Columbia,
 Who guard our nation's rights,
 Whose deeds deserve eternal fame ;
 In four successive fights :
 O try your matchless skill again,
 Subdue your ancient foe,
 As they roar, on your shore,
 Where the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of ten thousand men
 Who groan beneath the yoke,
 Shall join to aid your labors
 When you their chains have broke,
 Nor shall they e'er be pressed again,
 To serve your ancient foe,
 As they roar, on your shore,
 Where the stormy tempests blow.

Columbia needs no bulwark
 Along the stormy coast,
 Her gallant seamen are her walls,
 The country's pride and boast ;
 There's HULL, DECATUR, PORTER, JONES,
 And a long list beside,
 Who will sweep o'er the deep,
 And in fearless triumph ride.

The haughty flag of England,
 That waved a thousand years,
 Is stripped of its proud laurels,
 Which on our flag appears ;
 Our tars have crowned the Eagle,
 And the stripes have lashed the foe,
 As they sweep o'er the deep,
 Where the stormy tempests blow.

THE NAVY.

WHEN Fame shall tell the splendid story
 Of COLUMBIA's naval glory,
 Since first victorious o'er the deep
 Our Eagle-flag was seen to sweep ;
 The glowing tale will form a page,
 To grace the annals of the age,
 And teach our sons to proudly claim
 'The brightest meed of naval fame.
 In lofty strains the bard shall tell
 How TRUXTON fought, how SOMERS fell !
 How gallant PREBLE's daring host
 'Triumphed along the Moorish coast ;
 Forced the proud Infidel to treat,
 And brought the Crescent to their feet !

And mark amidst the splendid band
 That guards COLUMBIA's boundless strand,
 The youthful Hero of the Wave,
 DECATUR, bravest of the brave !
 And RODGERS, whose triumphant name
 Sounds from the trump of future fame !
 And, Oh ! forget not in the song
 'That bears my country's fame along,
 Victorious HULL, and conquering JONES,
 COLUMBIA's own intrepid sons !
 Whose matchless skill, and well-served thunder,
 Struck the proud flag of England under,
 And threw, by hearts of Freemen brave,
The British Lion in the wave !

Masters of verse ! Oh still proclaim,
 In song sublime, their glorious fame,
 Till time evolves the fated day,
 That sweeps these Union-States away ;
 Or, verging from its sinking shore,
 The rolling ocean foams no more !

And who that hears this splendid story,
 This brilliant tale of naval glory,
 Feels not the patriot-warmth and fire
 Of Prophecy his soul inspire ?
 —Lifting the eternal veil away
 That shrouds futurity from day ;
 And, after many a deed that cheers
 The distant days of future years,
 Reads upon every standard high,
 That waves our Eagles to the sky,
 (With warm delight, and proud emotion)
 'COLUMBIA, Mistress of the Ocean !'

BAINBRIDGE'S VICTORY.

Sung at a Dinner given at Boston, to Commodore Bainbridge, and the Officers of the frigate Constitution, for their gallant achievement in the capture of the British frigate Jaud.

BY L. M. SARGENT, ESQ.

Tune,—*Ye Mariners of England.*

BRAVE hearts of ocean chivalry,
 Who late in arms have stood
 Victorious o'er the bravest foe,
 Whose thunder wakes the flood !
 Ye twice, who sought fame's proudest height,
 And twice attained the goal !
 Again, o'er the main,
 Shall your conquering thunders roll,
 And your banners float victoriously,
 And your conquering thunders roll.

Mark, how yon ship triumphantly
 Her native billows lave !
 Where first she gave her native form
 In rapture to the wave.
 Twice bold Britannia's hearts of oak
 Have owned her stern control,
 And again, o'er the main,
 Shall her conquering thunders roll,
 And her banners float victoriously,
 And her conquering thunders roll.

When first again for battle
 Ye bade your thunders swell,
 A spirit, clad in armor, stood,
 Where once an hero fell.
 It sternly frowned upon the foe,
 And shewed the scar it bore :
 Till again, o'er the main,
 Your thunders ceased to roar.
 And your banners waved victoriously,
 While your thunders ceased to roar.

BUSH ! 'twas thy gallant spirit,
 That left its realms on high,
 To hear Columbia's battle rage,
 To see her streamers fly.
 That spirit, when the fight was done,
 Aloft the tidings bore,

How again, o'er the main,
 Your conquering guns did roar,
 And your banners waved victoriously,
 And your conquering guns did roar.

FAME ! wreath again thy laurels,
 Like HULL's forever fair ;
 Such garlands, on his manly brow,
 Shall noble BAINBRIDGE wear ;
 The same their banner and their deck,
 The same their daring soul,
 And the same be their fame,
 While their conquering thunders roll,
 And their banners float victoriously,
 And their conquering thunders roll.

High on thy rolls of glory,
 With honor doubly crowned,
 By those whose sires are yet unborn,
 Shall ALWIN's name be found.
 The spirits of the brave, who live
 On thine eternal scroll,
 Again o'er the main,
 When they hear their thunders roll,
 Shall trim those banners to the breeze,
 While the conquering thunders roll.

“ Ye Mariners of England,”
 The brave applaud the brave ;
 Our bays with cypress would we twine,
 To deck your LAMBERT's grave ;
 But since 'tis ours to meet ye foes,
 Our gallant friends of yore,
 Again o'er the main,
 Shall our conquering thunders roar,
 And our banners float victoriously,
 And our conquering thunders roar.

Fame, ready twine such garlands,
 As crown the brave to-day ;
 For here are ocean warriors,
 As good and brave as they.
 When fortune leads them where the foe
 Now sweep the surges o'er,
 Again, o'er the main,
 Shall our conquering thunders roar,
 And our banners float victoriously,
 And our conquering thunders roar.

OUR NAVAL HEROES.

BY A SAILOR.

Tune, — *Derry Down.*

THE Frigates of England, the Queen of the Seas,
When met by the Yankees are conquered with ease.
The reason is obvious, — no press-gangs we know ;
'Tis as Freemen we fight, as such conquer our foe.

Fighting Bob, (Bully DACRES,) we first taught to fear,
Who commanded the frigate y'clept *the Guerriere* :
A sound Constitution quite baffled his skill ;
And HULL stuck to his skirts till he gave him his fill.

Then JONES, in *the Wasp*, took a turn with *the Frolic*,
But his pills were so strong they gave WHINYA'TES the Cholick!
Down came George's Cross to America's Stars,
And a fresh wreath of laurels bedecked our bold tars.

The next was DECATUR, in *the United States*,
Who in Peace or in War will indulge *tete a tetes* ;
The proud *Macedonian*, by him doomed to fall,
He carved up, a fine dish dressed with powder and ball !

How the proud tars of Britain will storm and will roar,
When they hear of *the Java* off St. Salvador,
That BAINBRIDGE attacked her, with brave resolution,
And convinced all the world we'd a *fine Constitution* !

Then RODGERS—but stop, he has done nothing yet,
But the fame gained by others his courage will whet ;
And should he meet our foes wheresoever he's sent,
He'll hand them a *message from the President* !

SONS OF LIBERTY.

YE gallant sons of Liberty,
Who bravely have defended,
Your country's rights by land or sea,
And to her cause attended.
With yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Our tars will show, the haughty foe
Columbia's sons are handy.

Upon the Ocean's wide domain,
 Our tars are firm and true, sirs,
 And Freedom's cause they will maintain,
 With yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 With yankee doodle, &c.

The fourth day of July 'tis said,
 That day will Britain rue, sirs,
 When an independent tune we played,
 Called yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Columbia's sons did then declare,
 They would be independent,
 And for king George they would not care,
 Nor yet for his descendant.
 Yankee dooddle, &c.

For the Prince Regent thought he'd sent,
 A fleet to take our few, sirs,
 But when to sea our sailors went,
 They played 'em doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

For first bold Hull the Guerriere met,
 And 'twas a glorious day, sirs,
 Dried Dacres, give them boys a sweat,
 And show them British play, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

But Hull that story did not like,
 So returned them shots a few, sirs,
 Which caused the British flag to strike,
 'To yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Now next bold Jones a Frolic took,
 Upon the ocean too, sirs,
 Lord how the British flag he shook,
 To yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yaukce doodle, &c.

For Jones so smart a tune did play,
 That it made the British sing, sirs,
 And Whinyates to his men did say,
 Danned hard that Wasp does sting, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Sure Whinyates thought our gallant Jones,
 Couldn't take a Frolic too, sirs,
 But soon he struck his marrow bones,
 To yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

'Twas next the Macedonian met,
 Brave commodore Decatur,
 A yankee ship, cried he, I'll bet,
 Prepare my boys to take her.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

For Carden thought he had us tight,
 Just so did Dacres too, sirs,
 But brave Decatur put him right,
 With yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

They thought they saw our ship on flame,
 Which made them all huzza, sirs,
 But when the second broadside came,
 It made them hold their jaw, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

The British tars think that they can,
 Whip yankees one to two, sirs,
 But only give us man to man,
 They'll see what we can do, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

Our tars do care no more for France,
 Than Britain is most true, sirs,
 And can make any nation dance,
 To yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

How here's a health to valiant Hull,
 Jones and Decatur too, sirs.
 And we'll include brave Bainbridge too,
 Sing yankee doodle doo, sirs.
 With yankee doodle doodle doo,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Our tars will show, the haughty foe
 Columbia's sons are handy.

LAWRENCE'S VICTORY.

ALL hail Columbia's sons! once more,
 Their glory beams o'er ocean bright;
 All welcome to their native shore,
 Triumphant from the bloody fight.
 Columbia's sons shall ever be,
 The guardians of true Liberty.

The gallant *Lawrence* stemmed the sea,
 Nor feared to meet the haughty foe ;
 His flag, the flag of Liberty,
 Flowed in the breeze and still shall flow
 Columbia's sons, &c.

A bird of Albion's daring race,
 Fast moved along on airy wing,
 The *Hornet* too with naval grace,
 Prepared to dart it's keenest sting.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

The rage of battle warmer grew,
 Death reigned with haughty triumph there,
 The thundering broadsides faster flew,
 Whistling along the floating air.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

But lo ! she strikes ; the *Peacock's* crest,
 Fast sinks to ocean's coral bed ;
 Down, down she goes ; there let her rest,
 And peace attend her sleeping dead.
 Columbia's sons, &c.

High on the glowing scroll of fame,
 In dazzling tints, this deed shall shine ;
 And there, brave LAWRENCE, shall thy name
 Live in an everlasting shrine.
 Columbia's sons shall ever be,
 The guardians of true Liberty.



HORNET AND PEACOCK.

Tune, — *Old Granu Weal.*

YE Demos attend, and ye federalists too,
 I'll sing you a song that you all know is new,
 It is of a Hornet, true stuff I'll be bail,
 That tickled a Peacock and lowered his tail.

CHORUS.—Sing bubboroo dudderoo Granu Weal,
 Our Hornets can tickle a British bird's tail,
 Their stings are all sharpened to pierce without fail,
 Success to our navy, says Granu Weal.

This Peacock was bred in the land of king George,
 His feathers were fine and his tail very large,
 He spread both his wings, like a ship in full sail,
 And prided himself in the size of his tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

King George said, my bird, to America go,
 Each Hornet and Wasp is the British king's foe,
 Pick them up, my dear bird, spread your wings for the gale,
 But beware of the *insects of Granu Weal*.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

Away flew the bird at the word of command,
 His flight was directed to *freedom's own land*,
 But the Hornet discovered his wings like a sail,
 And quickly determined to tickle his tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

So to it they went then with both beak and sting,
 The Hornet still working keen under her wing,
 American insects, quoth she, I'll be bail,
 Will ruffle your feathers and lower your tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

The Peacock now mortally under the wing,
 Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting,
 He flattened his crest with a wheu, and a wail,
 Sunk down 'fore the Hornet and lowered his tail.
 Sing bubboroo dudderoo, &c.

Success to brave Lawrence who knows well the nest,
 Where Hornets and Wasps can with honor still rest,
 He'll send them with skill and with force I'll be bail,
 To humble king-birds and to tickle their tail.

CHORUS.—Sing bubboroo dudderoo, Granu Weal,
 Our Hornets can tickle a British bird's tail,
 Their stings are all sharpened to pierce without fail,
 Success to our navy, says Granu Weal.

YANKEE SAILORS.

YANKEE sailors have a knack,
 Haul away! yeo ho, boys;
 Of pulling down a British Jack,
 'Gainst any odds you know boys,
 Come three to one, right sure am I,
 If we cant beat them, still we'll try,
 To make Columbia's colors fly,
 Haul away! yeo ho, boys!

Yankee sailors, when at sea
 Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !
 Pipe all hands with merry glee,
 While aloft they go, boys !
 And when with pretty girls on shore
 Their cash is gone, and not before,
 They wisely go to sea for more,
 Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !

Yankee sailors love their soil,
 Haul away ! yeo ho, boys !
 And for glory ne'er spare toil,
 But flog its foes, you know, boys !
 Then while its standard owns a rag,
 The world combined shall never brag,
 They made us strike the Yankee flag,
 Haul away ! yeo ho boys !

YANKEE FROLICS.

No more of your blathering nonsense
 'Bout Nelsons of old Johnny Bull ;
 I'll sing you a song by my conscience,
 'Bout JONES, and DECATUR and HULL.
 Dad Neptune has long, with vexation,
 Beheld with what insolent pride,
 The turbulent, billow-washed nation
 Has aimed to control his salt tide.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 By my soul, at the game hob-or-nob,
 In a very few minutes we'll plase ye,
 Because we take work by the job.

There was *Dacres*, at vaunting and boasting
 His equal you'll seldom come near ;
 But HULL betwixt smoaking and roasting,
 Dispatched his proud frigate *Guerriere* !
 Such treatment to him was a wonder,
 Which served his proud spirit to choak ;
 And, when to the bottom our thunder
 Had sent her, we laughed at the joke.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 Brave HULL, at the game hob-or-nob,
 Is the boy that will surely amaze ye,
 So well he can finish the job.

T'other day, worse than gout, fit or cholic,
 The Wasp, with Rodgers, Biddle and JONES,
 So terribly stung the poor *Frolic*!
 As left her—but bare skin and bones.
 She struck, but what could she do better;
 For time, there was none to delay,
 Indeed, it must terribly fret her
 To see she could not run away.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 Brave JONES, at the game hob-or-nob,
 Is the lad that will surely amaze ye,
 So well he can work by the job.

Now, to augment our brave little navy,
 And add to the strength of each state,
 DECATUR, without sauce or gravy,
 Has dressed *Alexander* the Great!
 By my soul to prevent further trouble,
 And save a disgraceful downfall,
 Since they find all resistance a bubble,
 They'll strike without fighting at all.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 DECATUR, to play hob-or-nob,
 Will in seventeen minutes amaze ye—
 Huzza, 'twas a quick finished job.

And again has our good Constitution,
 Whose Guerriere-job you encored,
 Sent the *Java* to sound the deep ocean,
 After trimming her slick by the board.
 Though *Lambert*, for nearly two hours,
 Resisted the Yankies' attack,
 The flag of St. George at length cowers,
 And the stars and the stripes mount the wreck.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 When BAINBRIDGE begins hob-or-nob,
 In the end never fear but he'll please ye,
 So completely he'll finish the job.

Fifth and last comes the brave little HORNET,
 And meets with a *Peacock* so gay;
 Yet the Yankee makes bold e'en to scorn it,
 And clips his proud plumage away
 A short half-glass ere they were crippled,
 The Pea-chickens fluttered around;
 When their *Peake* being struck and hull riddled,
 They hoisted their jack—union down.
 Sing lather away jonteel and aisy,
 When LAWRENCE shall try hob-or-nob,
 He takes fourteen minutes to amaze ye,
Constitutionally ending his job.

Then huzza for the lads of our navy,
 LAWRENCE, BAINBRIDGE, DECATUR, JONES,
 HULL,
 When they either dispatch to old Davy,
 Or bring home the ships of John Bull.
 And may Congress, the seamen's protectors,
 Reward all the deeds of the brave ;
 And Britain still find us the victors
 Whene'er we contend on the wave.
 So lather away jonteel and aisy,
 Columbians all play hob-or-nob,
 And our seamen will never disgrace ye,
 They're getting so used to the job.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Some trivial errors may have escaped our notice. All we have observed is, in the 36th page, the word infinite inserted instead of infantile.—In page 44, the celebrated Hail Columbia is ascribed to FRANCIS HOPKINSON, esq. instead of JOSEPH HOPKINSON, esq.—In page 120, the word moon is used instead of morn.



